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THE MANIFESTOES OF WILLIAM II.

THERE is no difference of opinion throughout Europe, among those whose opinion is worth regarding, as to the virtues, the ability, and the melancholy fate of the late German Emperor, King FREDERICK of Prussia. Approval of more than the conventional kind may be given to the language used on this occasion by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament on Monday. It is not the custom of these Houses, as of some other Assemblies, to address foreign monarchs directly on such an occasion; and the relationship of the dead man's wife and her mother to the English people would in any case have made their share in the mourning a matter of first importance to us. But disinterested as well as interested feelings make the loss which Germany has sustained a matter of direct concernment to England; and of interested feelings themselves there could be no lack. There is, it may be trusted, no fear of seeing Germany hostile to England in any case, or of war supplanting peace as a consequence of the event of last week. Lord GRANVILLE's remarks on this head, though they might perhaps be thought superfluous, were well meant, and should at least be founded on knowledge. But while the Emperor FREDERICK lived it was almost certain that nothing but some very extraordinary circumstance could break the tie which is, perhaps of all ties, the greatest guarantee of peace and tranquillity to Europe. Much debating has taken place—some of it idle—as to various dispositions of the balance of power; the debate having been taken up about the thing, as often happens, just after it had become the fashion of a certain school of historians to laugh at the term. But that a serious and thorough alliance between England and Germany would be proof against any other conceivable combination is as nearly certain as anything can be said to be. And with no Sovereign at the head of the German Empire could such an alliance be thought so likely to be arranged as with him who was buried on Waterloo Day in this present week. The somewhat maimed rites of the funeral are capable, no doubt, of explanation and of excuse; perhaps of very valid explanation. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said for them is their encouragement of the sneer that they are wholly free from hypocrisy, and quite consistent with other characteristics of the new régime. Whether those characteristics are suited to encourage and satisfy the best friends of Germany is, it will be said, a question which is not so easily answered. Here, at any rate, the answer can be coloured by no unfriendliness to Germany, nor by any sneaking kindness for pacific and humanitarian cant.

We believe Prince BISMARCK to be, on the whole, the greatest statesman of Europe. It is our very profound conviction that in a strong, united, and even pugnacious Germany lies the only chance of the salvation of the Continent, and perhaps of England, from the dangers to which the ambition of Russia, the political headlessness of France, the divided condition of Austria, and what may be called the youth and inexperience of Italy, expose it. We were not able to approve the colour, faint as it was, which the inaugural Manifestoes of the late Emperor gave to the suggestion that Germany was going to abandon this position of armed constable of the parish (to use CROMWELL's famous words) for that of respectable private householder. This certainly cannot be charged against the addresses of his successor, and it is interesting to examine with good will, but, it is to be hoped, also with clear sight, what can be said against them on the other side.

Had the Manifestoes to the Army and Navy which were issued earliest been issued alone, it would have been difficult to avoid feeling a certain uneasiness, not at the martial tone of them, but at the tone of their martial-

ness. It is true that such words as "war-lord" have a much more formidable and a much more awkward appearance and sound in English than in German; and it is true, also, that a certain disposition to exaggerate the bellicose note, if in the circumstances of questionable taste, was also in the circumstances far from unnatural. But there were certainly some unpleasant things about these documents. The reference to the dead Emperor stood out, it might be urged, with surely unnecessary sharpness against that to his father, and supplied an unlucky, and almost painful, parallel to the huddling up of the interment of the one as compared with the stately functions attending the interment of the other. The whole of the document or documents, too, had, very perceptibly to a Devil's advocate, a flavour of brag and of flourish which might advantageously have been dispensed with in the case of a young man who has never drawn the sword, and who, in the present ostensible circumstances of his affairs, has no decent pretext for assuming that he will draw it. There might be said to be, in short—for we have little desire to dwell on this part of the matter—a sort of sham Spartan air, according too well with the disreputable sentiment of the clique who, as is well known, wished to exclude the Emperor FREDERICK from the throne altogether, as not being in health to play the swashbuckler, and who vented their rage upon Sir MORELL MACKENZIE for not lending himself to their cabal. The military traditions of Germany no doubt include many glorious memories, and her naval traditions, when they come into existence, will doubtless be glorious too. But the latter do not yet exist, and the former are so very considerably chequered that an address which would have been full-mouthed from a Roman general at the climax of the Roman conquest of the world, might be considered a little grandiloquent.

Yet there is perhaps something harsh in this judgment, while the general Proclamation redeems a good deal, and allows the former special allocutions to be consigned, not indeed to complete oblivion, but to comparative forgetfulness, as possibly no more than a little natural outburst of temperament, combined with some calculated flattery to feelings which for the last few months have, whether justly or not, certainly as a matter of fact, been somewhat irritated in Germany. There is nothing either of the popularity-hunter on one side or of the REHOBOAM on the other in the Emperor WILLIAM's words to his people at large, who are, after all, according to German contention, only the army at large. Nothing could be better than the reference to the late Emperor here, which is feeling without being fulsome, and sufficient without being overdone. We at least see no commonplace in the new EMPEROR's version of his royal oath, and nothing either unfounded or superfluous in his reference to history. The "faithful Prince of a faithful people," using the strength which his father and grandfather have stored up for legitimate purposes, may, and indeed must, prove a valuable addition to the Sovereigns of Europe. It would be possible, no doubt, for a reign of Jew-baiting and of inroads upon the Constitution, of reckless arrogance abroad and of Junkerism at home, in a few months to do more damage than long years of judicious government have done good. But nothing will or can be lost by a distinct understanding that EMPEROR-KING and CHANCELLOR-MINISTER are unflinchingly bent on upholding the system of wise governing as well as reigning which the first Emperor WILLIAM and the still living Prince BISMARCK established and so long carried out.

As for foreign affairs, there is only one danger of real importance. A policy of general aggression can hardly be called by this name; for Germany, strong as she is, is no more able than any other Power to dictate to Europe by herself, and any attempt to do so could only result in the

reduction of Prussia once more to the rank of a second-rate State with a complete revolution in the present constitution of Germany. That would be an evil, but it would be an evil which would practically cure itself. What is, though not exactly probable, sufficiently possible to be alarming, is the conception by the young EMPEROR of an idea that, by entering into a closer alliance with Russia, and by loosening the ties with Austria, he may raise the German Empire to an even greater height of dominion and of prosperity than it at present occupies. That such an idea would be contrary to all the best interests of Germany, and would incur in the attempt to realize it the difficulty of a real and an abiding conflict of temper and of wishes between the German and the Russian peoples, is perfectly true. But it is the kind of idea which has before now occurred to young princes of more military temper than military experience, and there is no doubt that the entertainment of it would be a serious misfortune to Europe. It is not likely to be encouraged in reality by Prince BISMARCK; but some recent words of the Prince's may seem to encourage it, and the CHANCELLOR, like his masters, is not immortal. All that can be said at present is, that there is nothing immediately alarming in the accession of the monarch whom his flatterers call "the new FREDERICK"; but that it behoves all possessors of Silesias in any part of the world by no means to intermit preparations which may enable them to keep their house armed, or, better still, to discourage all notion of attempts upon it.

#### LIFE PEERS.

AS leader of the House of Lords Lord SALISBURY is not accustomed to address a cold and unsympathizing, though acquiescent, audience; but his most ardent adherents scarcely disguised their want of enthusiasm for the proposal of a system of life peerages and of a censorship over delinquent members of the House. The orator shared or anticipated the indifference with which the announcement of his intentions was received. Lord SALISBURY had no inconsistency to excuse, though on such a question a change of opinion might have excited little surprise. He has always differed from the majority of his party as to the expediency of creating life peers, having, as he stated, voted with Lord RUSSELL in favour of a similar scheme on first taking his seat as a peer twenty years ago. Two separate issues had been raised by the elevation of Baron PARKES to the barony of Wensleydale for his own life. Lord CRANWORTH, who as Chancellor was responsible for the nature of the patent, was the only lawyer in the House of Lords who held that Lord WENSLEYDALE was entitled to a seat. Even if the law had been on the side of the Ministers, their reliance on a supposed prerogative after a discontinuance of four hundred years was obviously and grossly unconstitutional. A much shorter time had elapsed since the practical abandonment by the Crown of the right of veto. It is true that the establishment of life peerages at the will of a Minister would be a less inconvenient and less dangerous encroachment than the rejection of a Bill after it had passed both Houses of Parliament; but it has become a constitutional rule that no dormant prerogative can be revived except by Act of Parliament. To Lord SALISBURY's proposal there can be no technical objection. The Legislature can authorize the creation of peerages to endure for the life of the incumbent, or for a year or a day.

It happened that by a statement which was not essential to his main argument Lord SALISBURY conclusively proved that Lord LYNDBURST, Lord CAMPBELL, and their legal colleagues had been in the right in their opposition to the claim of Lord WENSLEYDALE. Admitting that there had been no creation of life peerages since the accession of the TUDOR dynasty, Lord SALISBURY added that this had in earlier times been often granted, but only with the assent of Parliament. In other words, there was not even in the middle ages a precedent for the creation of life-peerages. It is evident that in dispensing with the essential condition of the concurrence of Parliament Lord PALMERSTON's Government had, though perhaps unintentionally, attempted a flagrant usurpation. Lord SALISBURY, who was in no degree responsible for the irregularity, was perfectly at liberty to vote for the introduction of life peers by Act of Parliament. It is not known whether he attached any considerable importance to the measure, but if he entertained a strong conviction on the subject his zeal has

in twenty years had time to cool. The tone of his speech was as dispassionate as the corresponding temper of the House. Lord SALISBURY has apparently made up his mind that some concession to a popular demand may be granted without serious disadvantage. There is no reason to suppose that he expects any great public benefit from the elevation of a few generals, admirals, and judges to a peerage of a novel kind. The dignitaries of the law, the army, the navy, and the Civil Service will in some cases possess special qualifications for certain kinds of legislation. If they are selected with a decent regard to their personal eminence, they will not be more revolutionary in their disposition than their hereditary colleagues; and even if they incline to Liberal opinions there would be some advantage in a more equal division of parties in the House. A proposal so apparently modest could scarcely have been put forward in language of fervid eloquence.

If Lord SALISBURY had been otherwise actuated by parental fondness for his scheme he would not have forgotten a practical dilemma which he was perhaps the first to perceive. Every reform must purport to be an improvement of the institution to which it is applied. Any improvement must be presumed to add an element of strength, and therefore a reform of the House of Lords ought to make it more efficient. Lord SALISBURY would decline to be responsible for any change which would tend to a contrary result, and he knows that the movement in which he to some extent joins originates in hostility to the House of Lords. A part of his speech consisted of a series of good-humoured sarcasms on the contrivances which have been with unprofitable ingenuity devised by Lord ROSEBURY and Lord DUNRAVEN. Their schemes would not have commanded the approval of Liberal politicians if they had seemed likely to effect their purpose. Sweeping changes might have been tolerated on the ground that a mushroom institution would be more liable to attack and destruction than an ancient system which had accumulated on itself some anomalies in the course of time. Lord DUNRAVEN's plan of giving seats to the Chairmen of the new Councils would have been ridiculous enough to recommend itself to the enemies of a Second Chamber. It was Lord SALISBURY's business, as he has accepted the principle of innovation, to devise some plan which may possibly be expedient, and to avoid the paradoxes which beset his competitors in legislation. They have, in fact, done a service by reducing, if not to absurdity, at least to impossibility, the vague projects which had been propounded by less loyal reformers. Lord SALISBURY was content to remind them that, if their schemes were good in themselves, they would thwart the designs of their political allies.

If there are to be life peers, the proposed limitation of their number seems to be neither too lax nor unnecessarily stringent. The Crown is to appoint, if it thinks fit, five in a year, until the maximum number of fifty is reached. Besides the generals and admirals and the rest, there are to be a few eminent persons at large, who will, it is supposed, be ornaments to the House. The new recruits will, unless Governments grossly misuse their patronage, be uniformly respectable. At present it is impossible to estimate their number. Lord SALISBURY hopes that the power of annual creations will not be fully exercised, but it seems more probable that successive Administrations will find reasons for correcting the undue liberality or negligence of their respective predecessors. There is a visible tendency to multiply and cheapen the titles of honour which ought to be reserved as the cheapest rewards of genuine merit. Titles of nobility will, as long as their holders share the lustre of the hereditary peerage, be preferred to Grand Crosses and places in the Privy Council. Indeed, the Privy Council is to be in certain cases a stepping-stone to the peerage, and the recipient of the minor decorations will often put pressure on the Government to grant him an additional step in the hierarchy of honours. With its new alloy the peerage will, at least for a time, be highly valued; and possibly some of the newcomers may take a useful part in the business of the House. Their assistance will be welcomed, though it will seldom be needed. It is not for want of ability and knowledge that the House of Lords is in some quarters unpopular. The provisions for a moral and social censorship will probably be reconsidered. To many persons it seems that no such jurisdiction was necessary, and that, as in many other cases, a discredited man of rank should only be punished by notoriety or insignificance. Lord SALISBURY expresses no strong opinion in favour of measures for the purification of the House of Lords,



which has, in fact, suffered but little discredit from the misconduct of a few of its members. Dishonesty or gross licentiousness already exclude guilty peers or commoners from the society of their equals. There will be little advantage in proceedings which will only give additional publicity to scandalous stories. No consideration or delicacy is due to the offenders, but it may be doubted whether the House of Lords is the fittest tribunal. If there are to be penal proceedings, it seems reasonable that they should take the form of suspension of the writ of summons. The world also sometimes condones some misdemeanours after a certain lapse of time.

#### TREASURE-HUNTING IN PERU.

"HERE'S the rich Peru," says MAMMON in the *Alchemist*, "and here within, sir, are the golden mines, great SOLOMON'S Ophir!" The rich Peru has long been less than golden, except for its guano, but a new Company (Limited) at Mollendo intends to restore its wealth: If ever there was a literal case of "money-grubbing," it is the case of the "Compañía Anónima Exploradora de las Hucas del Inca." Peru is one of the lands where treasure-hunting is epidemic. Though the Spanish conquerors left no stone unturned, and perhaps no likely person untortured, people still think there must be hidden millions of gold and silver and precious stones. "What's 'become of all the gold?'" they cry, like a character of Mr. BROWNING's, who was thinking, however, of the Venetian ladies' tresses, not of more commonplace and marketable treasures. Probably all the gold was frittered away in gambling, as by that famed soldier who lost in a night the golden sun of the Sun's great temple. The European market drained Peru of the precious metals, wrought or unwrought; yet, among the vast and stable ruins of Cyclopean cities, it is natural for spectators to believe that there must be wealth concealed in one corner or another. Tradition has not forgotten the great golden chain of Cuzco, which was long enough to go all round the central square of the city. Legend yet speaks of hiding-places known only to the Incas, and undiscovered by processes of torture. Legend lives on such beliefs, yet we may be pretty sure that, if the Incas had secret treasure chambers, they have been robbed in the last three hundred years, even as the central chamber of the Great Pyramid will prove to have been, if ever it is opened. Dr. SCHLIEMANN only succeeded at Mycenæ because every one had heard that the treasure-house of ATREUS was, not a humble sepulchre hidden in a corner, but the colossal building which PAUSANIAS likened to the Pyramids.

Perhaps it is on this hint of the lowly but opulent Mycæan graves that the Mollendo Company is acting. They mean to explore the old Peruvian tombs near Cuzco, and we presume they have satisfied themselves, first, that no other "barrow-wight" has been there before them. Like other nations, the Peruvians occasionally buried treasure with their dead, but we do not think that they buried very much, or that excavators have found more than earthenware pots, mummies, cheap ornaments, and here and there a small silver lama, a group of figures in silver, or a necklace or ring. A few examples may be seen at the British Museum, and they are far from suggesting wealth beyond the dream of avarice. It is only in very heroic ages, among very emotional people, that the dead carry much wealth with them into the land of the shadow. ACHILLES equipped the dead PATROCLUS royally, ATTILA was covered with his golden plunder; for some unknown reason the dead men of Mycenæ were buried with a valuable hoard. There are two reasons for this generosity on the part of the living heirs. The dead are furnished with wealth for their use in the next world, that is the first reason. The second influence which prompts men to bury treasure with the dead is the hope that the ghost will guard it. Now, in the first case, the gifts to the dead are usually meagre—only his personal ornaments and weapons, with some money, if it be a country of coined money. Peru, we think, was ignorant of coinage; but, even where money is coined, it soon becomes usual to put the dead off with mere shabby semblances and ghosts of the actual currency. A pot full of specimens of Egyptian ghosts' money may be seen in Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE'S collection from the Fayoum at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. The Peruvian Company will be sadly disappointed if they find nothing better than that. Who steals a ghost's purse steals trash indeed, when the purse is so poorly replenished. In the other case, where the ghost

is expected to guard the large treasure (as when the Buccaneers killed men over their hoards), then the secret of the hoard is kept, and handed on by the men who concealed it. They, or their descendants (who have the ghost on their side, and are not afraid of him) are likely to open the grave at a pinch. Probably the wealthy graves near Cuzco, if such graves there were, have been opened long ago. Most known treasures have been rifled, and nothing but bullets and spoiled American woods were found, some years ago, in the sunk vessels of the Plate fleet in Vigo Bay. However, the Company at Mollendo may do a good deal for archaeology, while they are hunting for gold and for the emeralds that the Incas worshipped in their temples. Moreover, they will get the funds as treasure-hunters which the public would not subscribe for antiquarian research.

#### CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE decision of the Australasian Congress to entrust the conduct of their dispute with the Chinese to the Home Government has temporarily at least diminished the danger of the situation. It removes the risk likely to be caused by sudden violent measures. But it is premature to decide that the worst danger is passed. We have yet to learn whether the real wishes of the Colonies are compatible with the view China is likely to take of the question. All that the Australians have to complain of in the Chinese may be true, and may entitle them to our sympathy. They cut down wages, and so offend the workmen on whom Colonial as well as English politicians depend for their seats; their vices are not our vices; they may swarm in and swamp the men of English race. All this may be true; but, if it were ten times more certain than it is, the fact remains that China will have reason to complain if her subjects are excluded from any part of the British dominions, and that, when China has a case, she can make the most of it. It is superfluous to inquire whether Lord KNUTSFORD and Baron DE WORMS were right or not in asserting that the treaties in force between the two countries, though they bind China to admit Englishmen and their goods to certain ports, do not bind England to admit Chinamen freely to her territories. The spokesmen of the Colonial Office would seem to be wrong on the matter of fact; but, even if no express stipulation existed giving Chinamen the right of free entry, its absence could be explained by the fact that it would have been superfluous. For half a century or so we have been engaged in alternately persuading or forcing China to enter into freer relations with us. We have argued that, as we allowed all the world free access to our ports, we had a right to demand at least some approach to that freedom from others. To enforce our arguments we have burned Chinese cities, knocked down Chinese forts, killed Chinese soldiers, and sunk Chinese junks. It will be somewhat awkward if we have to turn round and take up the position of our old enemy.

No doubt the diplomatic difficulty would be got rid of by a free use of what may be called the *Quia nominor Leo* argument. As we are strong enough to smash Chinese towns again, we may insist that we alone have the right to interpret treaties and define obligations. But there are reasons why this effective, though logically illegitimate, process cannot be used. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese Government would accept this view; and if it did not, then we could only enforce it at the expense of a temporary and perhaps prolonged suspension of the China trade, which is not a sacrifice to be lightly incurred at the end of a long period of commercial depression. The Chinese are doubtless well aware of the strength of their position, and will, unless their character has undergone a remarkable change, make the most of it. Unfortunately it is quite possible, though not very probable, that we may have to choose between two serious evils. If the Colonies are as intent as they are said to be on the exclusion of the Chinese, they may give the Imperial Government the choice between either backing them or quarrelling with them. In British Columbia special legislation against the Chinese has been set aside by the decision of the law Courts. It has been declared illegitimate on the ground on which the Supreme Court of the United States would set aside the legislation of any particular State which happened to conflict with Federal treaties. But Australia and New Zealand are not British Columbia, and the British Empire is not the United States. If the passions excited are as angry as they are said to be, it is quite conceivable that the greater Colonies would simply

refuse to be bound by the decisions of the Colonial Office or even of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In that case a very serious issue would be set before us. It is unnecessary to suppose that things are likely to come to so bad a pass as this; but they may, and the possibility must be faced. How the danger is to be averted is not at present at all clear. Before deciding, it will be necessary to find out how far the Colonies are really prepared to go, and what compromise the Chinese Government will be prepared to accept. To find these things out is the work of the Home Government, which happily has received a promise that the Colonies will listen to it. Unless the anger of New South Wales and New Zealand is a temporary affair—a mere flash-in-the-pan—the Colonial Office has none the less a difficult task before it—one which will have to be performed in a spirit of statesmanship, and not huddled through by the help of the temporary expedients and routine which have too often been the resources of the department. The Imperial Government must itself negotiate with the Tsung li Yamen. As the Government of China is known not to favour the emigration of its subjects, and as it has already agreed to accept special legislation against the Chinese in the United States, an arrangement may possibly be made. But China has means of putting a pressure on us which it could not put on the United States, and human nature will be very peculiar in the Middle Kingdom if advantage is not taken of this fact. A price will be asked for the concession, and we have yet to learn what that price will be. Also, from the very nature of things, that price will be paid by the Imperial Government, and not by the Colonies.

#### RICHMOND PARK AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

**L**ORD WANTAGE and the other members of the deputation which waited lately on the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS have thrown much fresh light on the infelicitous proposal to transfer the Wimbledon rifle range to Richmond Park. In showing that they are able to meet the objection originally urged against the project, they have revealed others of a new and no less formidable kind. According to the Council of the National Rifle Association, no entrenching operations of any kind will be required to adapt "one of the noblest of the Royal 'parks' to the purpose for which it is desired to use it. It will be a mere matter of cutting down a few score trees and leaving a few score others to serve as mantlets for the bullets of the competing marksmen, and the thing is done. The spot chosen for the butts, and which apparently has been already inspected in as businesslike a manner as though the plan were on the eve of a cordial acceptance by the public, lies between the Roehampton Gate and the Robin Hood Gate—a space of about 400 acres—"from "which the public are already excluded," and the enclosure of which is chiefly used for growing hay for the service of the deer in the Park. No great loss would be incurred by surrendering the annual value of this hay; and though it would be necessary to exclude the public from the rest of the Park during the fortnight of the annual meeting, they would be admitted on the two Sundays. On the whole, it was in the opinion of the Council "not much to ask" that the public should thus slightly abridge their enjoyment of the Park for the sake of a great national object.

This way of putting the case is at once so plausible and so invidious that until we consider how easy it would be to support even a ten times more unreasonable proposal by precisely the same appeal we may probably find some difficulty in meeting it. A little reflection, however, will soon enable most people to see that the "national object" argument proves a great deal too much, and that, as it would be just as applicable to a proposal, for instance, to convert Trafalgar Square into a drill-ground by pulling down the Nelson Column, filling up the fountains, and levelling the terrace, we are thrown back upon the simple counter proposition that every plan of the kind, whether it can plead a national object or not, must be considered on its own merits and weighed against alternative proposals. And when the particular plan is so considered and so weighed with its competitors, its merits will surely appear to most of us not only to sustain so very inadequately the contest with its defects, but compare so very unfavourably with the positive recommendations of so many rival schemes, that one is astonished to observe the strong support which it has secured from an otherwise sensible and practical body of men. Even if Richmond Park possessed ideal qualification for supplying

the place of Wimbledon Common, we ought undoubtedly to hesitate long before we turn any part of it into a rifle range at the cost, to mention no other of the numerous objections, of cutting down even a less number than "a hundred valuable and important trees." But, as a matter of fact, the qualifications of Richmond Park to succeed Wimbledon Common are not in the least ideal. It is, on the contrary, defective in this respect, at what we cannot but consider one of the most important points. Nobody suggests that the Park, whether suitable or not for a shooting-ground, is a fit place for a camp; yet nobody, apparently, on the Council of the Association seems to have considered this side of the question as at all material. To the general public, however, it will be regarded as a most important element in the case. If opinions differ on Sir JOHN WHITAKER ELLIS's proposal to transfer the meeting to Aldershot, there will be a general agreement in the principle that camp training and completeness of marksmanship should be as far as possible combined with each other, and that, while there are plenty of places in England, and some at no very great distance from London, where the combination can be effected, Richmond Park is the one place where it is impossible.

#### THE LICENSING CLAUSES.

**I**N the matter of the licensing clauses the Government has touched pitch, and it has not absolutely escaped defilement. The noisy demand for Local Option had been more than once staved off by the allegation that the choice could not be properly exercised until some representative body had been constituted to act in the name of the ratepayers. The proposed establishment of County and District Councils rendered the excuse no longer applicable, and it therefore seemed necessary to introduce the licensing clauses into the Local Government Bill. The municipal authorities were to acquire the power of closing public-houses on Sundays and of refusing the renewal of licences, subject to payment of reasonable compensation. Mr. RITCHIE, in his opening speech, fortunately took the precaution of announcing that the clauses must be accepted or rejected as a whole. He had probably foreseen the objections which would be made to a portion of the clauses by the temperance agitators, though he may not have been prepared for the unscrupulous violence of the attack. It seemed probable that moderate opposition would be conciliated by the provision as to Sunday closing, and by the transfer of the licensing jurisdiction from the Justices to the nominees of the ratepayers. Mr. GLADSTONE and a majority of his followers were pledged to the principle of compensation, and perhaps the Ministers may have thought that their proposals would be more acceptable because they were obviously just. When the leaders of the Opposition at first expressed a general approval of the Bill, it was erroneously supposed that they would assist the Government to pass it. The anticipated hostility of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his adherents seemed in the circumstances not to be formidable.

The hostile faction was easily defeated on the issue between a popular decree and the decision of a representative body. It is true that the local majority can control the municipal elections, but its nominees will have a sense of responsibility which might not be shared by the body of ratepayers. After all the eloquence which has been bestowed on the glorification of elective local government, it was absurd to deprive the new Councils of one of their principal functions. The more thorny dispute on the payment of compensation would have been sufficiently troublesome if it had been confined within the walls of Parliament. The prospects of a settlement were suddenly impaired or destroyed by the accident of a vacancy in the representation of Southampton. The Gladstonian Liberals, instead of relying on their advocacy of Home Rule, sought and gained the alliance of the temperance party, including a large contingent of professed Unionists. It appeared that the constituency, which at the last election returned a Conservative member, cared more for the disestablishment and punishment of the licensed victuallers than for the integrity of the United Kingdom. The Ministerial candidate was defeated by a large majority, which apparently cared nothing for general politics. Soon afterwards the agitators assembled a great crowd in Hyde Park to affirm the doctrine which had prevailed at Southampton. In defiance of justice, common sense, and of uninterrupted precedent, the demagogues and their dupes maintained that a property which they estimate



at the value of three or four hundred millions should be destroyed for the supposed public benefit without any cost to the public. The West Indian slave-owners were justly compensated for the loss of a property which, however objectionable it might be in its nature, had been created and recognized by the Imperial Parliament and Government. On the abolition of purchase in the army, the holders of commissions were not less justly compensated for their interest in a notoriously illegal practice, because it had existed with the connivance of the authorities. The trade in alcoholic liquors has from time immemorial been as lawful as that of a butcher or a baker, although it required a formal licence, which, in default of misconduct, was annually renewed as a matter of course. The temperance fanatics protested against compensation when they, in common with the rest of the community, believed that licences were renewable as of right. Since a recent judicial decision has contravened the general opinion, the claim of the owners and occupiers of public-houses ought perhaps strictly to be limited to the value of a chance of renewal which practically amounted to a certainty. The refusal of payment would be as gross an abuse of legislative power as if there had been no doubtful element in the calculation. A vested interest may be broadly defined as any right or possession which can be sold in the market. A publican or other tradesman who purchases the good-will of a business buys not only the lease or freehold of the premises, but the chance that customers will frequent his stores. The renewal of a licence has hitherto been much less uncertain than the continuance of custom. The wildly exaggerated estimates of the amount of property which might be destroyed would, if they were accurate, furnish conclusive proof of the equitable claim of the holders. The representatives of the trade had assented to an increase in the cost of licences, which would to a certain extent have relieved the ratepayers of the burden of compensation. It is impossible to estimate the amount which would have been required. There is no reason to assume that the Councils would have engaged in a general crusade against public-houses. Notwithstanding a considerable diminution in the consumption of beer and spirits, the habits of the country are not yet materially changed. The Councils would hesitate to inflict serious inconvenience on their constituents by summarily closing their customary places of refreshment. At the worst, there would be, if temperance orators may be trusted, an ample fund from which compensation might be drawn. None of their commonplaces are more familiar to readers of newspapers than the statement that the disuse of alcoholic liquors would produce a saving to the community large enough to meet in two or three years any possible demand for compensation. After that time, the whole amount would be available for general purposes, or it might fructify in the pockets of the people.

The Southampton election and the subsequent proceedings in the House of Commons illustrated the incurable levity of popular sentiment, and imposed on the Government the necessity of withdrawing the licence clauses. If the question of compensating disestablished publicans were thought to involve more vital issues than the maintenance of the Union, the Government majority was virtually dissolved until the temperance agitation was abated or suspended. Like the obedient votaries of the Romish Church who are Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards, the devotees of temperance, including recently converted ascetics, such as Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, are teetotallers first, and some of them are patriots afterwards. Government and legislation are difficult under such conditions, but Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues have to deal with Parliament as it has been affected by recent constitutional improvements. The right of withdrawing the licensing clauses, though it had been expressly reserved, was subject to the contingency which has actually occurred. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his party dispute the expediency of postponing the discussion, though they cannot but know that the retention of the mutilated proposal would compel the abandonment of the entire Bill. It would be highly unjust to confer on the Councils powers which might be used for the injury of the publicans before the general control of the trade is transferred to the new authorities. The issue of compensation will perhaps be more conveniently raised when the machinery of local government has been in the first instance provided. It is true that the late agitation has largely modified any sanguine expectations which might have been founded on the project of representative government in counties. It is no longer worth while to speculate

on the greater or less probability that experienced justices may be preferred as members or chairmen of County and District Councils. Personal qualifications will be as little regarded at municipal elections as during the Parliamentary contest at Southampton. A successful candidate will be not the best administrator or the most experienced man of business, but either the most devoted propagator of compulsory abstinence or perhaps the trusted favourite of the publicans and brewers. For some years past the urban Corporations have, to the great disadvantage of the community, been principally chosen with reference to political parties. The conflict in local constituencies on the issue of Local Option or of compensation will be a lower form of degradation. It is well that the project of reforming the House of Lords by raising county chairmen to the peerage has not yet been adopted. A section of the House consisting of ennobled teetotallers would present a curious spectacle.

#### THE CHARENTE ELECTION.

IT is a sign of the very genuine fear felt of General BOULANGER and his following of "autre-choisistes" that the defeat of M. DÉROULÈDE in the Charente should apparently have caused some surprise in Paris. As a natural consequence, there is a tendency to exaggerate the severity of the check given to the General. The wonderful thing is that a candidate representing him, and him only, should have polled 20,000 votes out of a total of 75,300. The department of the Charente is very Bonapartist. A candidate of that party stood on the present occasion—M. GELLIBERT DES SÉGUINS. There was also a strong local Republican candidate—M. WEILLER. To oppose them General BOULANGER sent down the most feather-headed of mankind with a recommendation worded in a fashion worthy of the Count of CHAMBORD. To vote for M. DÉROULÈDE, said the General, is to vote for me. Twenty thousand voters were found to think this recommendation enough. No other public man in France since GAMBETTA's death could have published a *congé d'élire* like this without covering himself with ridicule. But, though the General has failed to secure the return of his man, it cannot be said that a candidature which secured more than a fourth of the total votes cast was purely ridiculous. As M. GELLIBERT DES SÉGUINS only received 31,401 votes, he had not an absolute majority, and there will, therefore, according to the French custom, be a second ballot a fortnight hence. It is possible that the result may be interesting. M. DÉROULÈDE has retired, and it will be instructive to see what becomes of the votes given to him. There will obviously be very different deductions to be drawn according to whether they are given to M. GELLIBERT DES SÉGUINS, as the Boulangist Committee seem to recommend, or to M. WEILLER, or are merely withheld. In the first case, the Charente form of Boulangism will be shown to be absolutely hostile to the Republic; in the second, it will appear to be mainly a vague desire that the Republican form of government should be strengthened for administrative purposes; in the third, it may be taken to be merely one sign among others of the rather vague disgust with all political things which is steadily spreading in France.

Sensible observers are, in any case, well aware that the result of the Charente election is in no way a victory for the cause of stability in France. All the candidates were alike in favour of revision. M. GELLIBERT DES SÉGUIN's views need no explanation, and if M. DÉROULÈDE's politics are somewhat hazy, his desire to recast the present form of government is altogether beyond doubt. These two are more or less open enemies, but even the Republican candidate, M. WEILLER, was no friend. He also found it necessary to announce that he was in favour of Revision. It is true that he qualified his support of this disturbing proposal by saying that his revision was to be according to M. FLOQUET, and nobody has ever yet heard what this exactly means. But this is a matter of detail. The essential is that all the votes given in the Charente were hostile in various degrees, if not to the Republic, then at least to its existing form. To those who are in favour of the present Constitution, and who dread the consequences of embarking on a new course of experiment and adventure, the success of any of the three candidates would have been unwelcome. The election in the Charente is regarded by them as having brought nearer the evil day of revision. It is an extraordinary proof of the

political confusion and incapacity of France that, though instability and experiments are widely dreaded, there cannot be said to be any effective militant party in favour of the present Constitution. However much politicians differ from one another, they all agree that in time of difficulty the safe resource is to upset and abolish the existing Government. As long as that creed continues to prevail there can be no stability in French affairs. It is probable that M. FLOQUET's idea of a revision is a revision which is a good way off. But he will hardly be able to choose his time; and if the failure of M. DÉROULÈDE gives rise to a belief that General BOULANGER's influence is sinking, there will be less than ever the inclination to postpone the date. What the revision will be when it comes there can be no means of knowing. Only this much is certain, that it will unsettle everything, and may produce violent disorder. It cannot encourage those who are anxious to avoid this risk to see that the absentees in the Charente have considerably increased since the last general election. In spite of the real gravity of the crisis, twelve thousand fewer voters have thought it necessary to cast their votes. Their abstention may, perhaps, be attributed to unwillingness to support any Revisionist; but, if that was the case, they should have found a representative of their own. Even twelve thousand votes in favour of the existing Constitution would work on what they think the right side. Unfortunately Frenchmen who dislike adventures and risks rarely do act, and their abstention leaves the field open to the disorderly minorities.

#### AYR AND THANET.

THE remembrance of Southampton and the prospect of Thanet can hardly be said to make the study of the Ayr election more cheerful; but they certainly make it much more interesting and important. For our part, we have not the slightest intention of "making a poor mouth" over any of the three, and the chief reason for dwelling on Ayr is Thanet. It is, unfortunately, only too evident what the reasons of the Ayr defeat were; and, still more unfortunately, they are the very worst reasons at all possible. To attempt to explain away a defeat is admittedly the idlest of occupations; we do not know one less idle than the attempt to explain the morals of one. Of course such morals are quite obvious enough; but the recurrence of the defeats themselves is more than a sufficient excuse for repeating the lesson even to such exceedingly dull and obstinate scholars as, we regret to say, the leaders of the Unionist party, in electioneering matters, appear to be. After Southampton especially, though the lesson of Gower in one sense and of Deptford in another was plain enough, we frankly confess that the management of the Ayr election appears to us simply incomprehensible, except on the supposition either that headquarters or local managers lost their heads completely, or that one or the other desired that a seat should be lost, and lost in a peculiarly striking manner.

Any one with the slightest practical knowledge of, or even general natural gift for, election matters must have seen that the Ayr Burghs were a very ticklish seat. There was apparently an enormous Unionist majority, and an enormous majority often has, in a different way, the same defects as a too willing witness. But, in the second place, it could be seen with half an eye that this majority was utterly fallacious. It had, in the first place, been obtained by one of those strong local candidates whose polls give absolutely no idea of the normal strength of parties as distinguished from partisans. It had, in the second place, been obtained in the heat and fervour of the Unionist crusade of 1886 against Mr. GLADSTONE. Further, the person who obtained it was a strong Liberal, and had in 1885, as a Gladstonian, beaten a Conservative candidate, though by no extraordinarily great majority. In the recent contest all these conditions, so favourable to Unionist success, were reversed. The known man was on the side of the Gladstonians; the local and minor influences were mostly on the same side; the Government had not been doing well, either at the polls or in Parliament. In any case it is always a very difficult thing to canvass these collections of burghs situated at great distances from each other, jealous of each other, and prone each to take offence at supposed preference given to their companions and rivals. It is, we believe, the almost universal rule that when a man gets "well in" he holds them, short of a political convulsion, for

life or a long term; but that it is very difficult to get well in. On every ground, then, there was reason for choosing the strongest candidate possible. In saying that Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY was one of the weakest possible we throw not the slightest reflection on him personally, and, on the contrary, we desire to express the warmest approval of the pluck with which he has fought battle after battle, undaunted by defeat after defeat, in the Unionist cause. Intellectually, as well as in position, in experience, in everything that makes a good member of Parliament, he was immeasurably his opponent's superior. But the qualities of a good member of Parliament and the qualities of a good candidate are unfortunately two entirely different sets of things. Electors are rarely good judges of the former; they know at once what they think to be the latter. For the Ayr Burghs Mr. ASHLEY had no one candidate's qualification that we can discern. He was a stranger; and even in this day the spirit of the famous answer, "Na! Na! There's nae Christians here. We'se a' ELLIOTS and 'JARDINES'" is far from being extinct in Scotland. He was not even a Scotchman; and though it would be too much to say that Scotch constituencies will never elect Englishmen, it is certainly not too much to say that they would much rather not. He was an Irish landlord; that is to say, a person exposed to the most abundant, highly-coloured, and, to the democratic part of the constituency, most effective falsehoods of a party which seldom opens its mouth without falsifying something. All the fads were got to oppose him; and his opponent was himself certainly a member of the largest, the most influential, and the most politically unscrupulous sect of Scotch Dissenters, which is particularly strong in the West. Finally, he was a Liberal-Unionist, and if the Liberal-Unionists supported him strongly, of which there is not much evidence, the Tory-Unionists, who had made so brave a fight on their own hand against Mr. CAMPBELL three years ago, were pretty certainly not active in his favour, and Toryism contributed little, if any, general support to his cause. So he lost the seat; and it would have been something like a miracle if he had gained it.

The worst aspect of the matter, and perhaps the only aspect which really deserves notice at this time of day, is that these are all general causes, all perfectly obvious to any man of sense and discernment, and all of them certain to operate more or less in any future election. Most of them could have been understood and their working foreseen by such a man, even though he had never set foot in any one of the burghs in his life, and had never so much as heard any private intelligence of their condition. Some things in the Southampton case might have escaped a party manager who put his confidence too completely in local deputies; in the Ayr case this was impossible. Unless some fatal delicacy prevented the Government Whips from interfering with or catechizing the Liberal-Unionist Whips, or unless the Government Whips let this all-important part of the business slide altogether; or, thirdly—most charitably—unless the local managers are both stupid and obstinate almost beyond belief, the disaster could not have occurred. Perhaps, indeed, a little of all these things happened, and was rendered not merely damaging, but disastrous, by the addition of a little something else. That something else can only have been what we must call the insensate refusal of all authorities concerned to recognize the conditions of modern electioneering, simple as they are and constantly as they are illustrated both by successes and disasters. Many as are the excuses which may be made for the separate establishments of Tory and of Liberal Unionism, we have from the first felt and said that the drawbacks of them are of the most serious description. In more ways than one, and especially in electioneering ways, it appears to be thought that, if by or without mutual agreement, a Tory candidate is chosen for a place where the Tories are strongest and a Liberal one in others, and if Liberals or Tories, as the case may be, are politely requested by their own leaders to vote for the selected person, enough has been done. A wilder delusion never entered into the head of man. Except in a very few cases, the utmost efforts of both parties working together, and working each as if the candidate represented their own side, are needed against an opposition which is for the time perfectly homogeneous, absolutely unscrupulous, and not merely induced but necessitated to sink all minor differences. A Gladstonian will pledge himself to any fad, and few, if any, Gladstonian voters will vote against him because he is pledged to it. He will qualify his Home Rule professions with any saving clause; and few, if any, Gladstonians care even to ask



whether such a qualification is consistent either with the declarations of Mr. GLADSTONE or the expectations of the Parnellites. He thus sweeps all his own voters into his net without difficulty, and the weaker faddists on the other side as well. To oppose these tactics we have (with some good exceptions which have almost invariably been rewarded with success) either a Tory candidate who is at once deserted by Liberal-Unionist faddists and by some who have not even the wretched excuse of fads, or a Liberal-Unionist candidate in a similar plight, both being for the most part hampered also by the awkwardness naturally felt by men who, after long fighting on opposite sides, now march shoulder to shoulder. We do not know on which of the two Unionist sections the greatest blame is incumbent, and we do not care. What we care about and what we know is, that it is the first and greatest duty of the party managers to act together in every case, to take means for the haranguing, the canvassing, the driving to the poll of voters of each class by agents of their own persuasion. For the Union we have, in the long run, very little fear, knowing well that, if Mr. MORLEY and Mr. PARNELL had their way with it to-day, it would be necessary to invent a new one to-morrow. But the failure to fight its battles wisely means national disgrace and disaster of the most serious kind in the meanwhile; and it means something more. It means that the management of the Unionist party is convicted of gross political incapacity.

#### MR. SAYCE'S HIBBERT LECTURES.

MODERN inspired works are dangerous to tackle; happily (as was said of the British infantry) there are not many of them. Into a notice of the latest "inspirational" book—Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S *Scientific Religion* (*Saturday Review*, June 2, 1888)—an inexplicable error found its way, and, still more unluckily, another false impression was produced. Mr. OLIPHANT'S volume was composed in an unusual or "inspirational" manner, for the author's thoughts "were projected into his mind with the 'greatest rapidity,' apparently by some external intellectual force not his own, if we correctly apprehend him. Perhaps the action of a similar, but demoniacal and delusive, inspiration may account for the errors of Mr. OLIPHANT'S reviewer. Probably the first thing that strikes a reader of his book is the curious effect produced when Mr. OLIPHANT, writing, as it seems, under some sort of inspiration, argues with authors of books on religion who make no pretensions to be inspired. Mr. OLIPHANT can tell us of sentient and moral atoms, and all about the beginnings of human fortunes, and of the relations of man to the spiritual world. It seems odd, then, that he should take less knowing authors *au sérieux*.

Doubtless this idea was "projected with great force," but in a very confused fashion, into the mind of the reviewer in our columns. It is there remarked that Mr. OLIPHANT "takes the Hibbert Lectures seriously," and that an inspirational critic should take any uninspired authors seriously is, to say the least, a great compliment. But the context leaves the impression that the Hibbert Lectures in general, and Mr. SAYCE'S Lectures on Babylonian Religion in particular, do not deserve serious consideration. This is a position which no one could maintain for a moment. Mr. SAYCE'S Lectures were noticed in the *Saturday Review* at the time of their publication, and their scholarship, learning, and originality are generally acknowledged. Doubtless no work in such obscure matter is to be regarded as final, nor can any writer expect all his conclusions to be universally accepted; but the merit of the Lectures is incontestable, and is a merit of original research. To a certain extent, however, it has been contested (in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, Paris, March-April, 1858) by M. HALÉVY. To this criticism the reviewer referred as a thing with which an "inspirational" writer like Mr. OLIPHANT should be acquainted even before its appearance in print. By that unfortunate "projection of thoughts" which has already been hinted at, and by an inexplicable confusion of names, M. HALÉVY was spoken of not as M. MEILHAC even, but as M. OPPERT. The slip of memory and of the pen is the more unaccountable as M. OPPERT is of Mr. SAYCE'S opinion, and is even referred to in such terms by M. HALÉVY in the article in the *Revue*. This mistake, which we very sincerely regret, has naturally astonished and annoyed M. OPPERT, Mr. SAYCE, and probably M. HALÉVY. But blunders appear to be inseparable from the topic, as the

*Revue* on its cover calls Mr. SAYCE "M. SAYRE," and Accadia is put for Accadia in a foot-note to M. HALÉVY'S article. We do not, of course, intend to enter into the criticisms which M. HALÉVY makes on the ideas and translations of Mr. SAYCE. Apparently a national feeling is not absent from his essay, and his theories; for he is partly engaged in defending the Semites of old, or rather in defending their part in Assyrian civilization. On the other hand, we learn that M. OPPERT, with all other specialists in "Assyriology," accepts both the facts and the conclusions of Mr. SAYCE. That Mr. OLIPHANT did not take notice in a prophetic spirit of M. HALÉVY'S then unpublished objections may thus be satisfactorily explained without impugning Mr. OLIPHANT'S authority. They were not objections that seemed important to the mysterious force by which his thoughts were "projected" into his mind. If Assyriologists and inspirational force are both agreed, then it is plain that M. HALÉVY will find it difficult to secure a verdict for his own views, concerning the value of which we do not express any opinion. It is, however, perfectly certain that M. HALÉVY is not M. OPPERT, and that M. OPPERT is the ally of Mr. SAYCE, and not his adversary. Indeed, the unlucky confusion could only be caused (humanly speaking) by that association of ideas which unites opposites.

#### THE MORALS OF HAILEYBURY.

THE assailants and the apologists of public schools—"England's public schools," as the Head-master of Haileybury magniloquently terms them—have hitherto imputed to them rather an excessive love of freedom than an undue tendency to interference. Haileybury, however, once the nursery of the men who built up the Indian Empire, seems now to be itself built upon the model of a French School. An atmosphere of suspicion prevails. Desks are searched, money is marked, everybody watches everybody else; and everybody, as GEORGE ELIOT puts it, thinks that it would be well for everybody else to reflect that the ALMIGHTY is watching him. The most zealous of all these watchers is a person called CAMPBELL, whose comprehensive functions are thus reckoned up by himself. "My chief duties, which are very numerous, are that I have to attend the chapel and book the lates and absentees, to go round the various form-rooms with the Head-master's notices, to take to the Head-master for punishment all gentlemen reported, to visit the towns and patrol the villages and neighbourhood, to see that the gentlemen do not break bounds or rules, and generally to enforce and supervise the discipline of the school." To Mr. Justice FIELD an officer thus employed appears "a sort of Proctor." It might be argued, with some plausibility, on the principles of that eminent jurist, Mr. JOHN AUSTIN, that CAMPBELL is the real Head-master of Haileybury. His modest title on the spot is "Marshal." He is certainly responsible for the long trial which came to an end on Tuesday last, since the accusation against HENRY HUTT, which the jury disbelieved, rested solely and exclusively on the assumption of his absolute infallibility.

The difference between *meum* and *tuum* is not held in such respect at Haileybury as it ought to be. HENRY HUTT, the younger plaintiff in this action, was expelled on suspicion of stealing, and the Head-master said that any jury would have convicted him. The only jury before whom the case has come acquitted him; the issue being, in that respect, as Mr. Justice FIELD explained, precisely the same as if the boy had been in the dock. Other boys have been expelled both before and since on the same charge, and it must be hoped, on more adequate grounds. That thefts were committed, and committed by some person or persons having access to the premises, there can be no doubt. The authorities seem to have jumped at the conclusion that boys must have been the culprits. As regards that general hypothesis, it would be improper to say more than that the offence is a very rare one among schoolboys and a very common one among servants. Schoolboy morality is not abnormally or impracticably high. But the Eighth Commandment is not one of those which it erases from the tables of the law. The only evidence against HENRY HUTT which was worth a moment's consideration is that a marked half-crown was found in his desk. The coin was marked and discovered by CAMPBELL, the school Marshal. The bedmaker was present when the desk was opened, and it is right to say that no imputation whatever has been made upon CAMPBELL. But the

power placed in this man's hands is enormous. He has held it for eleven years, and is now only thirty-one. According to the methods of procedure adopted at Haileybury, and the rules of evidence as understood in that institution, the character of every boy is virtually at his disposal. That he should have been guilty of no flagrant abuse is very much to his own credit, and he certainly came well out of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's searching cross-examination. But that a man in his position should be entrusted with such tremendous opportunities of mischief is a most singular and sinister circumstance. To do CAMPBELL justice, however, his ideas of proof, as distinguished from suspicion, are quite on a level with those entertained by his employers. No sooner was the marked coin detected (it has since mysteriously disappeared) than HUTT's guilt was treated as a matter of course. The Head-master was unfavourably impressed by the fact that the boy was at once ready with a stout denial. If HUTT had been at once prepared with a bland admission, Mr. ROBERTSON would perhaps have been disposed to take a more favourable view of his case. HUTT's refusal to confess seems to have irritated his pastors and masters even more than the crime of which they supposed him to be guilty.

The strange behaviour of Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. FENNING is difficult to contemplate without an almost audible smile. Mr. FENNING is the master in whose house HUTT boarded, and he wrote to HUTT's brother, "I am very, very sorry" "to say that your brother has been caught stealing." It was right for Mr. FENNING to be sorry to say this. But it was wrong of him to say it, for it was not true. Mr. FENNING had no earthly business to assume that HUTT put the marked half-crown into his desk. If "caught stealing" means anything, it means caught in the act, and a professional teacher ought to have some acquaintance with the significance of words. But HUTT had "been to Hertford," and that was most suspicious. It is true that he had asked leave, and thereby given public notice of his intention. But "going to Hertford" has acquired at Haileybury a secondary meaning almost as definite as "going to Canossa" bears at Berlin. Indeed, if innocence wishes to escape calumny at Haileybury it should avoid Hertford as it would the Devil. Mr. FENNING having failed to make HUTT confess, HUTT was locked up in the infirmary, in the hope that solitude would soften his heart. Meanwhile his brother was sent for, and had an interview with him. Now Mr. CHARLES HUTT may be very admirable in all the other relations of life. But as a brother he leaves something to be desired. HENRY protested his innocence to CHARLES in the most solemn manner, yet CHARLES would not believe him, and informed Mr. FENNING that his brother was a "first-class young liar." The foundation for this amiable, if slightly vulgar indictment is that HENRY HUTT once said he had seen "scores of snipe," when in reality he had only seen two and a half brace. As nobody was at all likely to believe the original statement, the indication of a deceptive purpose is somewhat incomplete. Mr. FENNING, in conversation with CHARLES HUTT, illustrated the judicial impartiality of his mind by the following ejaculations:—"The only thing to bring him 'to his senses is a sickness almost unto death, or a broken limb, or a thrashing within an inch of his life by a confidential friend. Have you such a friend at home? 'Have you an old servant?' It is gratifying to know that by this time HENRY HUTT, with the assistance of a judge and jury, has done something towards bringing Mr. FENNING to his senses.

The findings of the jury were somewhat numerous, and Mr. Justice FIELD declined to give judgment upon them without further argument. The most important of them is, that HUTT did not steal the money which was found in his box. It follows, of course, that the libels and slanders are not true. The jury, however, have taken a very merciful view of the conduct of the authorities, holding that not only did Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. FENNING honestly believe in HUTT's guilt, which nobody doubts they did, but that they had reasonable grounds for their belief and for the slander uttered by Mr. ROBERTSON in conversation with his predecessor, Dr. BRADBY. The breach of contract to educate his son, which Mr. HUTT, the boy's father, alleges against the Governors, is a more doubtful point, for Sir CHARLES RUSSELL contends that only the actual commission of an offence, and not merely suspicion of it, however strong, would terminate the agreement. That is a question of very great interest, which has, so far as the researches of counsel extend, never been authoritatively settled. HENRY

HUTT himself has been completely vindicated from a charge which should never have been brought against him. He has not, from first to last, wavered in his denial of the charge, and if he had been considerably asked for an explanation, instead of being hastily charged with felony, a painful exposure, implicating many people, might have been avoided. He was not the least shaken by Sir HENRY JAMES, and the extraordinary remark attributed to him by the Marshal he altogether repudiated. According to this worthy, HUTT had said to him, while they were going to the railway station, "I don't care a blow. I shall go to a coach for two years, and then to the University, and be a 'parson.'" It cannot be denied that there is something delightfully natural about these simple, artless words, and that it would have taken a very clever Marshal to invent them. CAMPBELL, however, must have conducted a good many boys to the railway station in his time, and it is possible that he may have mixed up their respective observations. The Governing Body of Haileybury would do well to avoid the danger of fresh scandals, which cannot be good for their school, by curtailing the functions of Mr. CAMPBELL, as well as by introducing into their educational system a little more manliness and common sense.

#### MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

THE stories of disasters to the relief expedition under Mr. STANLEY's command are, even after the latest reports, entitled to a limited degree of credit. Much the same sort of things have been said about every explorer. The case of LIVINGSTONE will occur to everybody's mind. Deserters from among his followers also found their way back with reports of his death so credible on the face of them, and so circumstantial, that they were very widely accepted. Yet they turned out to be the mere lies of runaways. If what may be found to be similar legends are accepted now in spite of experience, one reason may be a predisposition to think it probable that the unhappy Egyptian business must needs be disastrous to the end. Also it is a matter of experience that the common fate of African travellers is to return to Africa once too often. If Mr. STANLEY comes to a violent end in his effort to reach EMIN PASHA, he will go the same road as many of his predecessors, and such a finish to his efforts will make our history in the Soudan perfectly consistent. But our disposition to expect evil is happily no proof that misfortune has really happened. As yet there is only probability and the untrustworthy rumours of the natives to show that matters have been going badly. It is still open to everybody to believe that the relief expedition is advancing steadily, or that, if it is stopped, it is only because the rainy season has made travelling impossible.

Although, however, there is still ground for confidence, there can naturally be no certainty. The difficulties which Mr. STANLEY has to encounter are very considerable, and their magnitude has never been quite realized at home, except by a very few. Mr. ALLEN, of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, who has written to the *Times* with the object of proving that recent unfavourable rumours must be unfounded, has, probably unwittingly, given a great many good reasons why the expedition should not succeed. He argues that the impassable nature of the country accounts sufficiently for Mr. STANLEY's long silence. A quotation from one of EMIN PASHA's letters describes them in a very forcible fashion:—"Even Mr. STANLEY 'will probably find that the difficulties of the Congo route are almost insurmountable, especially those of transport. I know the almost impassable swamps, the numbers of rivers with floating vegetation from personal observation, and I know well enough the difficulty which 'a traveller will have to surmount in marching from 'the Congo here.' In a diary which has been recently published, EMIN PASHA speaks of a morass in which 'the water between each single thicket reached up to our necks, and the roots caught our feet like nooses.' Obviously it is difficult to send messages in such a country, and Mr. STANLEY may have been compelled to break his promise of sending information to Major BARTHELOT. He will have had need of all his men as porters. But it is equally obvious that in such a country the expedition may have been overwhelmed by water or prostrated by fevers. The more we heard of impassable swamps, rivers with floating vegetation, large districts of country in which provisions could only be obtained with difficulty, as accounting for the



want of information, the more possible did it appear that STANLEY and his following had been overpowered by merely natural obstacles. They had to carry with them an immense quantity of stores and ammunition for their own use, in addition to what they were carrying for the relief of EMIN PASHA. To drag all this through swamps and morasses, over rivers and hills, is a very serious undertaking, and it was always possible that the progress made was so slow that the stores became exhausted, and the porters withered away by accident, or disease, or desertion, before Mr. STANLEY could be near his destination. Neither is it quite safe to dismiss the danger of attacks from the so-called Arabs as insignificant. It is true that Mr. STANLEY has repeating-rifles and a Maxim gun, and he is the man to use them with spirit. With a fair field and even moderate support from the members of his caravan, he would make very short work of a mob of slave-hunters. But repeating-rifles and Maxim guns, like less efficient weapons, are liable to be spoilt and lost in swamps and morasses. Moreover, it is by no means certain that Mr. STANLEY would be well supported by his black followers. He described them himself as men who would fight if they could not help it, and one of the reasons he gave for preferring the Congo route to the overland road from Zanzibar was that his men would be less able to run away. Followers of this character are not to be relied upon if they have to fight seriously in addition to doing the regular heavy work of the expedition. It is well known that the slave-hunters have become much bolder since we have allowed our influence to be weakened on the coast. They have attacked the English missions in the Lake country, and there is no reason to suppose that anything but fear would deter them from falling on Mr. STANLEY if they saw a chance. TIPPOO TIB, with whom Mr. STANLEY has been constrained to form a species of alliance, was a notorious leader of these kidnappers. It does not seem to be doubted that he would attack the relief expedition if he saw the slightest chance of doing it with effect. When it is remembered that at a real crisis only a small part of the expedition would be really trustworthy, it appears by no means impossible that the slave-hunters may have made a successful onslaught by surprise, with the help very possibly of some of Mr. STANLEY's own men of the stamp of the deserters who have already run away from him. TIPPOO TIB's motives for attacking the expedition are amply sufficient. Just before Mr. STANLEY appeared, TIPPOO was making a series of apparently successful attacks on the trading stations of the Congo State. The expedition put a stop to his hostilities. As long as Mr. STANLEY is anywhere in the Congo country with unbroken forces TIPPOO TIB must keep comparatively quiet. It is therefore his interest to ruin the expedition if he possibly can. TIPPOO is probably far too sensible to come in the way of the Maxim and repeating-rifles; but he may find other ways of destroying the expedition more effectual than open attack, and the last story from Leopoldville, though only supported by the word of deserters, affords at least some reason for thinking that the slave-hunters may have found their opportunity.

#### CRITICS AT WORK.

**B**ETWEEN time and fashion critics of music and art are apt to suffer. They must shift and pose a bit, and face this way and that in the furtive way of compromise. If they are adepts, they show how graceful a thing it is to undulate with the undulating tide, as SHELLEY sweetly sings. But this facility is not the badge of all their tribe, as is shown by the Wagnerian critic on Wagnerian opera. Time was when the mere supposition of a Wagnerian opera on the Italian stage was scouted as little less than sacrilege. Now it is regarded as a solemn function, a pretext for much incense-burning, to composer and artists alike. The revival of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden last Saturday is said by the *Times*' critic to be "the high-water mark of the 'Italian season,'" and this distinction is achieved by a company of great singers under an Italian conductor, as in the old days of opera, not—strange to say—by vocalists of the German school of declamation, thoroughly inured to the rigours of Wagnerian demands. There is something of backsliding here. What has become of the impassable gulf between opera and music-drama? There was a time—and a roaring time it was—when the unregenerate WAGNER—he of Paris and Dresden—who wrote operas, was very subtly distinguished from the Master of Bayreuth and his works.

*Rienzi* then was commonly regarded as an amateurish effort in the bad old direction of opera. It was worse than amateurish; it was Meyerbeerish—a term of infinite infamy with the devout. The early operas of WAGNER were nothing, in fact, but operas. Admiration of them was looked upon as the natural, though erring, yearning after the flesh-pots which afflicts the weaker vessels among the musical. With the stern, unbending Wagnerite it was no sign of grace to care for the *Fliegende Holländer* or *Lohengrin*, save, of course, as it might be taken as prognosticating a better state. The "Master" was not proclaimed in these works. They were mere operas—GLUCK, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, wrote such—but the "music-drama" of WAGNER, disdainful of the vulgar appellation, was the one true test of the elect. You must stand or fall by the colossal tetralogy. You must enter the temple by the Nibelungs' Ring—that was the fiat of the propaganda. There was no other way than this.

These are tedious platitudes, the mustiness of which is already a reproach to the O.P., or old opera party, as well as to the Bayreuth sect. The admirable rendering of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden was indeed well calculated to make followers of WAGNER forget the choicest dogma of their old hard creed. It was not possible to express anything but warm commendation of Mme. ALBANI and the MM. DE RESZKÉ, though it was a little cruel to sentence M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, for a fancied breach of Wagnerian (!) etiquette, to the excruciating task of reading WAGNER's correspondence. The *Times*' critic doubts if "operatic 'singers read books.'" There is evidence at hand that they do. Some have even possessed libraries, and some have set critics on the right road of criticism. This much is, or should be, matter of history. The common penance incurred by singers who frequently attempt WAGNER might well be deemed sufficiently serious, without the extreme penalty—the "piano forte and dire," as THEODORE HOOK has it—recommended by the *Times*. Why should not M. DE RESZKÉ have been "carried away" by the music when he made that vulgar hazard and harangued the gods, just as the late Mme. TITIENS was "somehow carried away" in the part of ORTRUD, though she detested WAGNER? That ravishment of the incomparable LEONORA of BEETHOVEN will, by the way, exercise with misgivings those who knew, as well as those who remember, Mme. TITIENS. Like other geniuses, that illustrious artist was not averse from daring and impossible adventures. She loved to play the incredible at times, *in loco*. But that she failed to measure the true value of that showy declamatory part, or that she could have swallowed WAGNER's skumble-skamble about ORTRUD being the "political woman," is much more than any one but the simple Wagnerite can believe.

The music-critic has, at least, an artistic conscience. He candidly confesses that WAGNER's contralto or mezzo-soprano parts are "almost" beyond human capacity. He may yet complete his departure from untenable theories, seeing that he has the equipment of a critic, and a genuine feeling for art. The dramatic critic who thinks it is possible to make a bad play praiseworthy by a few strokes of the pen is quite another person. The Royalty stage version of HAWTHORNE's *Scarlet Letter* was one of those outrages on sensibility and imagination that are less frequent perhaps than they once were in the theatre. It is satisfactory to know that it did not receive universal acclamation. The mistake of the adaptors, according to the *Times*, is to be sought in the "happy ending" of the drama. Do away with this—the one happy thing in the play—and misrepresent HAWTHORNE a little less, and *tout va bien*. The crude prescription is taken, and it is hoped the public are taken too. But there is a delightful rider to the recommendation. HAWTHORNE's dull environment wants "comic relief." Let us only have the "humorous aspects of Puritanism" and all will be well. At present the drama lacks those comic Puritans, and until they appear no man can say whether or not HAWTHORNE's romance has been fitly dramatized.

#### MR. DILLON.

**T**HE confirmation of Mr. DILLON's sentence of six months' imprisonment by the Court of Quarter Sessions at Dundalk will be a matter of satisfaction to all those who do not share that profound "respect for persons" which has now become habitual with Gladstonians from the highest to the lowest. Mr. DILLON has been a long time—longer a great deal than his chief rival in the work of agitation—

in bringing himself within the penalties of the Crimes Act. But, among the scores and hundreds of obscurer persons who have found their way into prison before Mr. DILLON got there, and some of whom perhaps will remain there after he comes out, there are probably more who have to thank Mr. DILLON's ingenuity and eloquence for their present sufferings than there are who stand similarly indebted to any one of his political associates, not even excepting Mr. O'BRIEN. The Plan of Campaign, if it be not the original invention of the member for East Mayo, at any rate owes to him such success as it has obtained. It was he who at the commencement of the anti-rent movement played the most active part in imbuving the minds of the Irish tenantry with those immoral doctrines which have just come under the condemnation of the Holy See. And though in the later stages of the campaign he withdrew himself somewhat from his original position of prominence, the evil which he did undoubtedly lived after him in Ireland, and his incitements have borne fruit in many an act of fraud and violence, and latterly in the infliction of many a term of imprisonment on wretched dupes who but for him would now be sitting quietly and comfortably in their own homes. We are old-fashioned enough to think that the man who is responsible for this deserves a severer punishment than his less-favoured victim; and we find no reason whatsoever for any revision of that opinion in the fact that this particular offender has succeeded in posing before his sentimental countrymen with no discernible claims as a patriot of a peculiarly romantic type, and even earning the disgusting adulation of men like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and, we are sorry to add, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who but a few years ago was playing the part of GESSLER to this pinchbeck TELL.

What the STUARTS and ROWNTREES and ELLISES and other conventions of political noodles may choose to say about Mr. DILLON and his wrongs is a matter of much less importance, and the address of sympathy which they presented to him on the confirmation of his sentence is only worth noticing for the sake of the *naïveté* with which its signatories have "given themselves away." Mr. DILLON's treatment, they tell him, is "an old story in the relations between England and Ireland; but never before have Englishmen been aware of it, or so ashamed of it, or so keenly alive to the meanness of visiting all the punishment springing from misgovernment upon your people and their leaders." The "punishment arising from misgovernment" is, though an impressive, a slightly vague, expression; but the general truth of the proposition in which it occurs is as impossible to dispute as is the admirable candour of those who have enunciated it. It is undoubtedly the fact that "never before" have Englishmen, or these particular Englishmen, "been aware of," or seemed to be aware of, the enormity of punishing the instigators of crime and disorder in Ireland by imprisonment. "Never before," it is quite true, "were they so ashamed of it, or so keenly alive to its meanness"—that is to say, never were they all these things before Mr. GLADSTONE conceived the idea that it was better to buy the Irish leaders with appropriate legislative bribes than to imprison them. It is a precisely accurate and a most honourably frank account of the matter. We hope their candour will be equally great if ever, by some unexpected turn of the political wheel, Mr. GLADSTONE should again find it necessary to "persecute" Irish patriots, and the STUARTS and ROWNTREES and ELLISES should again be found, as beyond all doubt they would be found, marching obediently in the rear. However, that interesting time, if it is ever to come, is not yet; and meanwhile they will doubtless give Mr. GLADSTONE their active support in the attack on the Government which he is apparently threatening to base on Mr. DILLON's conviction and imprisonment—a judgment as just and a sentence as richly deserved as any that have been pronounced in Ireland, though, as the appeal was heard before one of a class of judges whom Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has compared to SCROGGS and JEFFREYS, it will be interesting to hear his Parliamentary criticism of the case.

#### THE NEWSPAPER LIBEL BILL.

THE Libel Law Amendment Bill has been considered as reported, and now stands for the third reading, which it will, no doubt, pass unopposed. The last considerable defect in it was removed on Wednesday afternoon, the fifth clause being struck out by a handsome majority. The

reasons why its omission was a necessary condition to the passing of the Bill have more than once been explained in detail in these columns. The clause introduced on the report by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK enabling a judge to consolidate actions against different defendants for substantially the same libel may sometimes delay the vindication of a libelled plaintiff's character; but plaintiffs who can afford to bring several actions at once can usually also afford a certain amount of interlocutory skirmishing. The clause is only an enabling one, and while it may often be useful in saving costs, it is hardly possible that it can do any real injustice. Mr. SMITH's new clause about indicting for blasphemous or obscene libels was proposed with good intentions, but has nothing to do with the subject of the Bill. Moreover, people who do not understand indictments would do well to be careful how they interfere with them, so that the House of Lords may not improbably simplify the measure by taking the clause out. There is really hardly anything else which the circumstances of the case imperatively demand that they should do, though the addition made to Clause 4, on the motion of Mr. LAWSON, may also deserve careful consideration.

The result will be that in all points of wide importance the law will stand nearly as it does at present. With respect to reporting public meetings the existing enactment will be infinitesimally strengthened by the requirement that, in order to be privileged, the defamatory matter must not only be such that its publication was for the public benefit, but also "of public interest"—whatever that may be decided to mean. On the other hand, reports of meetings of inferior public bodies will be privileged by statute to a reasonable extent. The most important clause in the Bill is that which permits the recovery of damages for the same libel published elsewhere to be given in evidence as mitigation of damages. It is not very important, and it is, on the whole, unobjectionable. Altogether, the House of Commons may be congratulated upon having performed its duties in respect of this Bill considerably better than it usually does. Its conduct justifies to the full every one of the expressions of hostility to the Bill published before and during its consideration in Committee by the House of Commons.

#### THE MEETING AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

WE are glad that the step taken by the PRIME MINISTER since the last Ministerial reverse has effectually discouraged the unwise and insincere attempts which have been made in some quarters to minimize the importance of the mishap. Whatever amount of authenticity may attach to the reports of last Thursday's proceedings at the Foreign Office—and they have every appearance of being authentic—it would hardly be maintained, we presume, even by Lord SALISBURY himself, that the object of the meeting either was or was intended to be a secret. It was almost avowedly called to consider the present position and future action of the party as affected by the recent Ministerial reverses in the House of Commons; and, in the face of this fact, it would be absurd to pretend any longer that the defeat of the Government on Mr. JOHN MORLEY's amendment last Tuesday night was a light matter. The "responsibilities" in connexion with that defeat have been dealt with elsewhere, and we have not hesitated to lay the chief blame on what we consider the right shoulders. We regard the maladroit Parliamentary tactics as mainly answerable for the mishap. We agree with those speakers at the meeting who complained—if they are correctly reported—that Mr. RITCHIE did not reply to Mr. MORLEY when he moved the amendment on Tuesday which was carried against the Government; and if Mr. RITCHIE replied, as he is stated to have done, by justifying his action, and declaring "that he had fully informed the party," he made, in our judgment, a very inadequate defence. We have already given our opinion that "full information" to the party, under all the circumstances of the case, was not, and could not be, conveyed by the curt statement, without note or comment, that the Government could not assent to Mr. MORLEY's proposal.

This said, however, it still remains to address a word or two to the rank-and-file. Assuming the account of their demeanour and utterances at the Foreign Office meeting to be fairly accurate—and it bears all the stamp of probability—it has become time to ask some of these gentlemen whether they have fully considered the consequences to which their present line of action in the House of Commons



is obviously tending. The members of the "left wing," as Lord SALISBURY is reported to have styled them, appear to take a view of their minor Parliamentary pledges which will sooner or later bring these obligations, such as they are, into dread conflict with the much more important purpose for which the Unionists, Liberal or Conservative, have been returned to Parliament. When we find some of these Ministerial stragglers professing themselves unable to support this or that provision in a measure because they are embarrassed by their promises to their constituents, we have to remind them of certain other promises of considerably greater concern which they seem to have forgotten. It appears to be thought by the Conservative of the "enlightened" type, as the cant phrase runs, that any local fad to which he may have committed himself for the purpose of securing his election has thenceforth a sacred and supreme claim upon his allegiance, and that the much more important pledges of general support to a Government who were placed in power to maintain the Union may be remitted to the second place. What, for instance, are we to think of a Conservative who calls upon the Government to adhere to their Sunday-closing clause, which was a proposal strictly conditioned by the acceptance of its associated provisions now abandoned, and declares that, if they do not, he will be compelled to vote against them on the strength of engagements entered into with the teetotal fanatic who helped him to his seat? Surely such gentlemen should be reminded, and reminded sharply, that they were not sent to the House of Commons to prosecute the crotchets of a knot of Pharisaical busybodies who happen to have voted for him at the last election, but to maintain the integrity of the Empire, and to keep permanently out of power the most mischievous and profligate politician who has ever attempted to mount to power upon the ruin of his country. If the pettiest form of parochialism has acquired such control over the Conservative rank and file, it is all the more necessary for their commander to recall them to a worthier conception of the cause for which they are fighting.

#### FOLLY OR FUNK?

WE have certainly no wish to encourage by any remarks of our own the exaggerated fuss which it suits the Gladstonians to make about the recent defeat of the Government. Much indulgence may be shown for a party whom the utter blankness of their political future has driven well-nigh to despair, and they ought in charity to be allowed the luxury of making believe that every Ministerial miscarriage, small or great, is full of fatal portent for the Unionist cause. But though the Opposition may be permitted without much protest to enjoy these topics of illusory consolation, it is straining benevolence a little for a Government to go out of its way to provide them. Blunders are blunders whether their meaning and consequence be exaggerated or not, and it is the duty of Governments to transact their business without blundering. To slip and stumble continually in the conduct of a legislative measure may have no immediately evil effect on their Parliamentary position; but it cannot be expected to prepossess the country in their favour as administrators. As regards the particular measure now in question—the Local Government Bill—it has become specially incumbent upon Ministers to show skill and vigilance of Parliamentary pilotage. We have already admitted the substantial soundness of their decision in the matter of the licensing clauses. They are well quit of these proposals, and, however opinions may vary as to the policy of their original introduction, there can be no reasonable dispute as to the justification for withdrawing them. That the licensing question should be dealt with in a Local Government Bill may be a matter of legislative convenience, but the association of the two is demanded by no necessity, either logical or practical; and to have adhered to the plan of associating them in disregard of the mischievous party manoeuvres for which that plan was affording opportunity would have been eminently unwise. It is quite natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should be willing to ally himself with teetotal fanatics, as he has already allied himself with much worse men, and to plunder publicans, as he has already plundered landlords, in the effort to regain a position from which he may once more attempt the dismemberment of the Empire; and it is not surprising that the first chance of adopting those tactics should be eagerly seized upon by him. But it was unfortunate that

the Government should have made him a present of that chance, and it would have been the merest Quixotism to have continued to press it on his acceptance.

Still, it is never desirable that a Government should find themselves obliged to make important changes in a measure, either by way of addition or retrenchment, during its passage through the House of Commons; and since this course has been forced upon Ministers they were bound to display an even greater degree of firmness and circumspection in the subsequent conduct of the Bill than would otherwise have been required of them. All the more, therefore, to be regretted is it that they should have handled the seventh clause of the Local Government Bill with such weakness or such negligence, or, as seems the most probable account of all, such subservience to so-called "popular demands" as to have had an amendment to which they thought it at least worth while to offer opposition forced upon them by an adverse majority. It cannot be said that the mischance of last Tuesday night was one for which they had any excuse for being unprepared. On the contrary, the whole course of the discussion of the seventh clause from Friday night onward ought to have warned them, and must have warned them, that the Gladstonian Opposition—whose whole conduct on this question seems to derive its plenary inspiration from the genius of Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM—would spare no effort to deprive the county magistracy of the last remains of their authority over the police. The division on the ill-judged amendment of Mr. HENEAGE—whose speech appears to us to be a complete argument for the exactly opposite course to that which he pursued—was a sufficient notice to the Government that if they valued their own proposed settlement of the police question at all, they would have to guard it, not only against the attacks of open enemies, but also against the neglect of lukewarm friends. They could not have missed the significance of the fact that Mr. HENEAGE's proposal to hand over to the County Councils "the appointment, control, and dismissal of Chief Constables and the management of the police" was lost by only forty-six votes; and they were not long in having proof that the advocates of "popular" management for the police had been encouraged by the comparative closeness of the division. It was at any rate clear that, though they could not get all they wanted in the direction of Mr. HENEAGE's amendment, they were thoroughly bent on getting all that they could. On the following Monday night an endeavour was made, and ruled by Mr. COURTNEY to the surprise of many to be regular, to procure a rehearing for one of the two branches of Mr. HENEAGE's rejected proposal. Mr. BRUNSER, however, ultimately withdrew his amendment in favour of vesting the appointment of the Chief Constable in the hands of the County Councils. Mr. STANSFELD then made an attempt to give the County Councils the determination of the Chief Constable's salary, a proposal which Mr. RITCHIE resisted on the thoroughly reasonable ground that if the Justices were to retain the appointment of this officer they should also fix the rate of his remuneration. Here again, however, the adverse amendment was only carried by forty-one votes, and the Government were, therefore, again advertised of the existence of an important section among their followers who, in their desire to curtail magisterial authority, were prepared to sever these two obviously associated functions of appointment and payment. Their vote, at any rate, indicated a desire to prejudice the issue to be shortly raised on the Government's own proposal, since it is pretty obvious that if the House had been induced to decide that the County Councils should fix the Chief Constable's salary, they could not have brought a perfectly unbiassed mind to bear on the question whether the Justices should appoint him. Yet with all these warnings of what might be expected of their party when this question came on for decision, the Government moved neither hand nor foot on the following night to influence their vote. On reaching the substantive proposal that the Justices should appoint the Chief Constable, Mr. MORLEY simply moved, without a speech, the omission of the words conferring this power. Mr. RITCHIE signified, also without a speech, that the Government could not consent to the amendment. No other Minister said a word good, bad, or indifferent, and on the House dividing, Mr. MORLEY carried his point by a majority of 30.

We have pronounced it impossible to suppose that Ministers were unaware of the danger to which their clause stood exposed. They must have known from all that passed that a serious appeal to their followers had become absolutely

necessary if their proposal was to maintain its place in the Bill; and the inference which their enemies will draw from it is that they rode for a fall. Mr. RITCHIE on the previous night had spoken of the arrangement with regard to the Chief Constable in a thoroughly half-hearted way, and it is difficult to believe that the Government really cared much about its retention. But why, then, oppose and divide against Mr. MORLEY's amendment? Did Ministers or did they not believe that it was important to keep the appointment of Chief Constables in the hands of Quarter Sessions, and that there were serious objections to allowing the privilege to pass into the hands of the joint Committee of Justices and County Councillors who are to have the general management of the police? If they did think it important to uphold their own plan in this matter, why did they not call upon their followers to support it? If they did not think so, why did they resist its modification? If, as has been suggested, they personally preferred their own proposal to Mr. MORLEY's, but did not think it "made much difference one way or the other," why did they not tell their party in so many words that they regarded the question as an open one, and so save heart-searchings to some anxious Ministerialists in either lobby? For our own part we are inclined to believe that the question at issue was not an unimportant one, and to fear that the Government did not themselves think it was. It seems to us extremely probable that control of the police by a joint committee of County Councillors and Justices will turn out in practice to be much the same thing as control by the County Council alone; and in that case the privilege of which the Justices have been deprived, and which Mr. MORLEY, true to his French revolutionary models, has just succeeded in transferring to an elective body, would have been the only protection against the police passing completely into the hands of County Councillors of the CONYBEARE and CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM complexion. And, as we have said, we too much fear that the Government saw this also, but in their desire to conciliate their "democratic" wing, who want the whip rather than the sop, they ran away from their own proposals.

#### MARTENS, EAGLES, AND OWLS.

FOR the tourist the sight of one of the Alpine birds or beasts of prey almost always adds to the charm of the scene. If he can catch a glimpse of a marten, one of the most graceful as well as beautiful of the wild quadrupeds of Europe, as it courses beneath a bank or darts to its retreat, he feels that his walk has not been taken in vain. The familiar fox is greeted with something like the feelings with which we welcome an old friend to a new home, and even the smaller robbers all seem to be in their right place in the breezy sunny landscape. But the birds are an even greater and more constant delight. One of the larger hawks circling overhead, or, if one has had a hard climb, beneath one's feet, seems the rightful proprietor of the fir-woods among which one stands or which one has left behind. Still more, when one is standing in the recesses of the rocks at the head of a mountain torrent, with nothing but precipitous grey cliffs around, and a huge raven comes hovering past or an eagle hangs apparently motionless on outspread wings in the middle of the sky, do we realize our perfect solitude, and feel that the peaks and precipices belong to them rather than mankind; and if, on our return, we hear a forester boasting of his success in slaughtering these lords of the wilderness, we are apt to feel something like indignation as well as regret.

To a forester, who looks upon the game of the district almost as his own flocks and herds, it is natural that the matter should seem different. During the whole winter he has fed the roes at a considerable expense, he has perhaps postponed the felling of a part of the wood because he knows that it contains the nest of a black cock or an auerhahn, and he is by no means inclined to look quietly on while the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air fatten on the harvest of his exertions. The marten is a gourmand. In the early spring he lives chiefly upon eggs, later on he preys upon leverets, unfledged birds and weak young creatures of every kind. He is far too dainty to touch the flesh of his victim at this season; he simply drinks the blood while it is still warm and goes his way. He has no objection to treat a domestic fowl in a similar manner if he can get into a hen-house and does not find enough fresh eggs to gorge his voracious appetite. In winter he attacks even larger game. Nothing is more helpless than a roe after a heavy snowfall; at every step his hoofs break the thin crust of ice, and so he has to wade through the solid mass. Hour by hour the marten glides over the surface of the snow beside or close behind him, till the hunted creature is fairly exhausted; then its pursuer springs upon its neck, bites the jugular vein, and sucks out its very life. In winter foxes hunt in a similar way, but they break the spinal cord and eat at least a part of the flesh

instead of drinking the blood of their victims. If times are hard, they bury the rest of the carcass, but they greatly prefer fresh meat.

For the birds of prey it may at least be urged that they do act as natural scavengers. This year in many parts of the Austrian Alps the avalanches broke new paths for themselves, carrying down a large quantity of well-grown forest trees, and overwhelming whole herds of chamois and deer. When the masses of snow began to melt in the more lonely valleys ravens and birds of similar tastes might almost always be seen hovering above them. They were waiting for the dead bodies to come to light in order that they might devour them. But nature does not always supply so harmless, though repulsive, a meal; and when it is wanting poaching begins. It is especially during the breeding season that their depredations are serious, for then their families have to be provided for, and there are many helpless young animals about. Thus the remains of eight young roes, twelve chamois kids, and several lambs, were found beside an eyrie which contained two unfledged eagles in Carinthia, 1887.

The destruction of these wild birds and beasts is, therefore, one of the chief duties of a forester if a carefully preserved estate is committed to his care. Both poison and traps are well known, but the elder generation regard them, particularly the former, with dislike. They seem to think that they are taking an unfair advantage of a brother sportsman by employing such underhand means of getting rid of him. The old methods are, therefore, still in full use, and they are by no means unsuccessful.

To shoot a fox seems unchivalrous, to say the least, but in a country where hunting is impossible it is perhaps the most polite way of putting an end to its existence. This is done in the following way:—A room is prepared in some old mill or outhouse that lies outside the village, and can be heated at least by an iron stove. At a convenient distance—say from thirty to sixty yards, according to the nature of the ground—carrion is from the earliest winter thrown out upon the snow. This attracts the foxes, and a watchman informs the master of the room at what hour of the night they usually appear. When the moon is near the full, he seats himself in his ambush about an hour before the appointed time. There must be no light, and conversation can only be carried on in a whisper. When the fox appears he seems to untrained eyes little more than a shadow on the snow, but this half sight of him is usually enough for his enemy. Should he be missed, he will not return to the same place till new snow has fallen.

The larger birds of prey are often shot in a similar manner, though when they are concerned more labour and discomfort are involved. Some small hut which lies high among the rocks and is used in summer by the herdsmen or the fellers of timber is hired, and dead animals are exposed at a convenient distance. Any one who comes down the mountain side is usually ready to let the sportsman know if the carcasses have been touched, and, if such chance news should fail, he can easily satisfy himself by visiting the place. When he is convinced that the expected guests have duly put in their appearance, he leaves his home at such a time as will allow him to reach the hut an hour before dawn. Such a night excursion over the frozen snow requires considerable local knowledge and some skill in mountaineering, and when the destination is reached it is by no means a palace of delight. The huts can rarely be heated in any way, and, if they could, it would be of little use as the sportsman must sit with his window open. A raven or an eagle will be frightened away by the mere opening of a casement to which, if it be done quietly, the fox pays no attention. All is now perfectly still around, and the stars are the only lights that are to be seen. At last a grey streak appears in the east, and soon afterwards a dark mass hovers or pounces down on the feast that has been treacherously spread for him. The light is still too dim to admit of a certain aim; but, if the sportsman is young and keen, he will probably try his luck. Should the bird fall he lets it lie quietly, in order not to awaken the suspicion of newcomers. In this way three or four large birds may occasionally be bagged in a single morning. In the evening twilight a shot may occasionally be obtained, but this is comparatively rare.

Of spring mornings a more original form of sport is practised. It would be interesting to know why all birds of prey bear a personal enmity to the horned owl; but the question is one that we cannot pretend to answer. The fact, however, is beyond question, and it is one of which gamekeepers and others make full use. A bird of this kind is caught or reared. He does not make a very amusing pet; but it is not his mission in life to be amiable—that is the very last thing his master expects or wishes from him, if he were to get really tame he would be useless. He learns to know the man who feeds him, and to regard him with a little more tolerance than other members of the human family; but even his keeper must handle him with the greatest caution, as his beak and talons are formidable weapons, and he has no scruple whatever about using them. Most foresters in the higher Austrian Alps have an owl of this kind, or at least know there is one in the neighbourhood which they can borrow on occasion.

When you have an owl, the next thing is to determine the scene of your exploits. An exposed upland meadow bordered by woods is the best. Here a kind of hut is built of branches lopped from the neighbouring trees, in such a way as to conceal the persons within while allowing them a free outlook in all directions. At a convenient distance, and generally somewhat above the hut, a dead and leafless bough, with a single cross branch from three to four feet above the earth, is erected. It must be stout and firmly



driven into the turf; for it is to serve as a perch for your owl, which is heavy and by no means wanting in vigour. When these arrangements have been made, it is best to leave the place unvisited for two or three days.

On the day when the adventure is to be consummated the sportsman carries his gun and the keeper the owl to the hut; the latter is fastened to the stake by a light chain, which must be long enough to enable the bird to flutter from the perch to the ground, and go a yard or so in every direction. To the chain a long cord is attached, the other end of which is placed in the hut. Its purpose is to enliven the owl. If he shows signs of drowsiness a slight pull will wake him up, and a rather stronger one will induce him to flutter down from the branch or to return to it again, as the case may be. As soon as these arrangements have been completed everybody present retires to the hut, and the owl seats himself on his perch and turns his head round and round with an expression in his eyes which seems to say that he is disgusted with things in general and his own position in particular.

If the sportsman has any luck, a flight of the small mountain crows will soon circle, cawing loudly, above their feathered enemy. They have a bad name as egg-stealers; but the forester does not shoot at them, because he knows their angry cries are likely to attract larger birds, and they themselves rarely venture to attack the owl. If they do, it simply raises all its feathers, which make it look twice its real size and are a sufficient protection. When threatened by more powerful enemies, it flutters down and throws itself on its back; in this position it is a match for all but the very largest birds of prey. It rarely comes to this, however, since as soon as a hawk or raven is fairly within shot it is usually brought down or else frightened away by the discharge of the gun.

This sport may be practised with success at almost any hour except full noon, but the dawn is considered the best time; and such an excursion to one of the huts has many charms besides those that depend upon the slaughter of birds which, however hateful they may be to the gamekeeper, the lonely wanderer can hardly help regarding as his comrades. The sharp night walk through the light mountain air, the gradual awakening of nature, the scent of the fir-trees are all enjoyments in themselves; and it may be added that they tend to sharpen your appetite for the excellent, though simple, lunch which your host, if he be a true sportsman, will certainly have provided.

#### SORRY THEY SPOKE.

BY all persons of sensibility the woes of Dr. Smolka, President of the Austrian Reichsrath and Delegation, must be regarded with peculiar sympathy. It is a difficult matter to say new and appropriate things on such an incident as the death of the Emperor Frederick, and the venerable President of the Austrian Reichsrath has no doubt been not alone in feeling this. But Dr. Smolka need not have complicated his difficulties by rushing into one of the thorniest places of theology, and forgetting entirely a certain chapter of Holy Writ which disclaims with the utmost energy the doctrine about "the sins of the fathers" as construed in the narrow sense. Dr. Smolka assured the world, it seems, that the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick were not the punishment for any offences of his own, but were "an expiation for the sins of his forefathers"—sins for which he was "not responsible." Now there does not appear to have been any indignation aroused by the worthy Doctor's rather questionable theology; but much by his politics. For he is a Pole, and it was imagined that this reference was to the partition of Poland, in which little matter Austria herself was not exactly unconcerned. So the press of the Austrian capital and of the Austrian Empire appears to have been indulging, less pointedly, but with equal energy, in some reflections on Poles similar to those expressed in undying verse by one Heinrich Heine. Indeed, Dr. Smolka seems to have, in vulgar phrase, "got it all round." Some Austrians were insulted at the supposed reference to the partition; others have charged him with trying by a new blunder to make up for an old one—to wit, his former reference to the Emperor William I., in which he was thought to be unpatriotically forgetful of Sadowa—and his Polish fellows upbraid him with oblivion of certain supposed tyranny of Prince Bismarck's towards the countrymen of the great Eselinski. It is to be hoped that he, like Miss Ferrier's young ladies when their younger sisters were married before them, is "Wonderfully Supported and bears up with Astonishing Firmness." But it can hardly be doubted that he is sorry he spoke.

In this not least mortifying of human conditions he has, or ought to have, certain companions nearer home. One of these is Sir Thomas Grattan Eamonde, M.P., who enjoys a certain distinction—first, as being one of the two or three "persons of quality" who have joined themselves to Mr. Parnell's tail of Yahoos; and, secondly, as sharing the name of an immortal. The unhappy Sir Thomas, strong in the belief that it is an Irish member's duty to be troublesome in questioning, and perhaps flushed with the amount of contributions from the American housemaids which he brought home the other day, has, it seems, been asking questions about the whereabouts of Her Majesty's ship *Belleisle*. He has thereby excited noble wrath in the breast of Mr. Davitt, who has historical reasons for not being fond of Her Majesty's forces of all kinds. Majestic are the words, sublime the warning, of the Emeritus-Professor of

"penmanship." "What in the name of common sense and decency has the whereabouts of this warship to do" with Sir Thomas's duties? What has he to do with naval and military forces alternately "pressed into the service of coercion and eviction," and engaged in "the ruin of hundreds of Irish girls"? Now we had thought that all the princes of darkness combined could not ruin an Irish girl, according to the boast of her compatriots. It should be left to Tories to be anxious about the sailings and moorings of such media of misgovernment, &c. &c. Probably since that countryman of Davitt's, who talked about the "small cornuted animal," no finer description of ships than "media of misgovernment" has been devised; and the anathema of Davitt is otherwise interesting as showing the combined spirit of childish treason, of ultra-feminine disloyalty, to which our Gladstonians wish to entrust a third of the United Kingdom. But these are reflections for Unionists; Sir Thomas can only, like poor Dr. Smolka, be "sorry he spoke."

A figure equally pathetic in degree, and of a pathos not wholly different in kind, is presented by the head of the house of Bass, weeping over the "responsible leaders of the Liberal party" at the licensed victuallers' meeting of Wednesday last. Far be it from us to make any fun of Lord Burton's words in themselves. What he said about the "recorded opinions" of the leaders just referred to on the subject of property in and compensation for the loss of licences was perfectly true. The movement against the brewers' property is "confiscation of the broadest and most unscrupulous character," though not perhaps so very much broader than that against Irish landlords. The licensing question "had been brought to the front for party purposes," the leaders had been "attracted by an agitation based on misrepresentation and misstatement; an agitation which appealed to the cupidity of men." "Virtue and morality were invoked, but the real appeal was made to the pockets of the electors." It would be absolutely impossible to speak truer words be the speaker who he may. But, if we turn from the words to the speaker, and inquire a little who he is, then the twinklings of the eye of heartless merriment may accompany the curlings of the lip of brutal sarcasm. For it is this same Lord Burton who not many weeks ago (more by token a poet of our own enshrined the incident in deathless verse) assured an audience that he and they "meant to go in solid for the Grand Old Man." Alas! when he said that he meant to go in solid for the Grand Old Man, he evidently did not think that the Grand Old Man would not go in, but "go for," the liquid interest. Beer is touched, and the solidity or solidarity of Lord Burton with Gladstonianism undergoes a fatal dissolution. If Lord Burton had known how false Mr. Gladstone would have grown when he heard the bells tinkle that welcomed him (and Lord Ripon, we think) on that occasion some weeks ago, he would have done then, we trow, what he cannot help now, and have handed over the idea of solidity with so bad a man to anybody who might like to have it. But it is too late; and when anybody in the future mentions the phrase "going in solid" before Lord Burton, the very least thing that can be anticipated is that Lord Burton too will be sorry he spoke.

Indeed, the political man's life, unless he is extraordinarily adroit or extraordinarily shameless, must be to no small degree a life of being sorry he spoke. If Mr. Parnell is one of the most tactically successful of political leaders, it is precisely because he is so careful of saying anything; he writes letters, they say, sometimes. Mr. Gladstone, it is believed, never feels this peculiar sensation. Indeed, Dante would have probably placed him in a new *bolgia* of the Inferno; his tongue perpetually branded afresh by demons with all the words which he has spoken, and which he ought to be, but is not yet, sorry for. Sir William Harcourt (whose birthplace, we are glad to observe, are multiplying like Mr. Gladstone's own), though he has said some awkward things in the past, now, it may be observed, avoids with considerable skill saying anything but an infinite deal of nothing; and we hardly think that when, as he doubtless will, he becomes a strong Unionist, any one will be able to discover a single decided phrase of his that may cause him inconvenience. Mr. Morley, being quite sincere, has no reason to be sorry for anything he has spoken; though a sufficient quantity of political hellebore might make him very sorry for much that he has thought. But in some of the minor stars or prophets—as, for instance, Sir George Trevelyan—the mood is very common. He cannot brazen it out like Sir William, and say that he has "refused to desert the party to which he belonged and the leader under whom he serves"—a description of desertion which would seem to show that Abdiel was a very contemptible character. During his gyrations between Unionism and Separatism not long ago, he said all sorts of things which he had almost in so many words to confess himself sorry for having spoken shortly afterwards—generally, indeed, next week—and this foolish trick abides with him still. On Wednesday Sir George confessed that Mr. Dillon's heart "perhaps burnt a little too hotly when he spoke about the injustice of arrears." Now just at this same time Sir William Harcourt, after describing Ayr as the "Scotch begira" of Mr. Chamberlain (by the way, what is Sir William's exact notion of a begira? we should like to see it), declared that Mr. Dillon's voice, converted in his imprisonment into a protest from Sir William himself and other pure-minded patriots, will "find an echo in every heart that is not insensible to the sentiments of honour [as evinced by not paying the rent you have agreed to pay], of humanity [as shown by boycotting and cattle-maiming], and of justice [as shown by Moonlight murders]." Now it is very hard to reconcile Sir George's

admission that Mr. Dillon's heart "perhaps burnt too hotly," and Sir William's boisterous determination that every honourable man, à la Harcourt, every humane man, à la Brady and Kelly, every just man, à la Plan of Campaign, must, shall, and will make his own heart burn at exactly the heat of Mr. Dillon's. These things agree not together; and the speaker (or at least one of them) ought to be sorry he spoke—if twenty Separatists had been elected for twenty Ayr. Nor was it wise of Sir George in the same speech to confess that Liberalism had now no official standing ground in Birmingham. Could even he, with whom malapropos speeches seem to have become a habit and almost a mania, be deaf to the sense of such a phrase? It surely must, like the energetic anathemas of the reverend gentleman mentioned by Fuller, have "left a dismal echo in his auditors' ears for a good while longer." Liberalism no standing ground in Birmingham? A coalless Newcastle? Athens destitute of owls?

Alas! why is not Præd alive to string up in musical verse a patter of impossibilities fit to go with this astonishing confession of Sir George's. Birmingham Liberals, it seems, as Sir George counts Liberalism, "have to go beyond their own bounds," have to go to Walsall and Wolverhampton, to Sir George and Sir Balthasar, to Parthians and Medes, and to Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia, in order to find "staunch Liberals" to lead them. The explanation of the miracle is, it seems, in this wicked Mr. Chamberlain. But that is hardly an explanation that explains. Something else must have happened, and we all know what it is to wither the Liberalism of Birmingham in a night. And if Unionist speakers were half as active as Separatist, and half as ready to catch their opponents tripping, it would not be long before the good people of Birmingham would hear this said in a manner which would make Sir George, who is not yet by any means case-hardened, distinctly conscious of the sorrowful chances of speech.

#### THE SELBORNE MAGAZINE.

IN these days of hurry and turmoil, when even the modest primrose is torn up by the roots to become an article of commerce in crowded cities, when primrose farms are established, and when we hear of gowns trimmed with the bodies of robins or of blackbirds, and ladies' hats surmounted by the wings of many warblers, it is refreshing to read the monthly *Selborne Magazine*, the organ of the Selborne Society. The Society, as many readers of the *Saturday Review* will remember, was formed by Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave with a view of entering a protest against the destruction of rare birds or the use of the plumage of woodland birds in dress, and for the preservation of wild plants and to promote the study of nature. The *Selborne Magazine*, in a very unpretentious form, gives information dear to the lovers of nature, and those who have observed interesting facts in natural history are encouraged to communicate what they have seen.

We cannot but feel that if once the public understood what irreparable injury is done by destroying wild flowers or killing the feathered songsters of our woods, they would join in a league for their protection. There is a part of the country which at this time of year is a paradise of wild flowers, which are, however, somewhat cherished by art; nevertheless, they give the effect of being wild. The banks are literally covered with blue forget-me-nots, the gardens have been brimming over with cowslips, oxlips, wallflowers, and myriads of primroses. Now the woods are dazzling with vivid yellow azaleas, flashing golden broom, scarlet and white rhododendrons, fragrant lilac, sheets of blue-bells, and the beautiful pink ragged robin and green fern. Through these woods during Whitsun week upwards of two thousand excursionists wandered; they mostly came from crowded cities, but it is said that not a single blossom or bough was touched.

These woods are frequented by many rare birds, but they have not hitherto been spared. The owls in particular have been sometimes shot, but it is hoped they will in future be protected. One of the great charms of the *Selborne Magazine* is that it mentions every month what wild flowers are blooming, and, in fact, teaches those who are beginning to study the book of nature where to look and what to look for, and, indeed, for what wood notes wild to listen. It is pleasant to think that even dwellers in London may easily study nature in some of the parks; and within a very short distance from London there are lanes, and woods, and commons, where the true lover of nature may enjoy a ramble. Lord Tennyson is President of the Selborne Society; and if all those who have read with rapture his descriptions of spring, summer, and autumn glories would unite in discouraging the thoughtless destruction of wild flowers, and the cruel slaughter of sea-gulls and other birds for adornment, the practices might cease, and many a rare bird dwell in our woods. If everyone who is observant, and who has opportunities of studying nature, were to note his or her experiences, most interesting facts would be gleaned. And one pleasant feature of the *Selborne Magazine* is that letters are admitted from correspondents who have noticed circumstances bearing on the habits of birds or the blooming of flowers. These communications often show how much pleasure may be found by observant dwellers even in parts of the country not remarkable for picturesque features, while those who live in woodland, mountainous, or lake districts find constantly fresh subjects of interest. We believe that among the poorer classes the love of

nature is very strong, and that if the working people once realized that in uprooting wild flowers the great charm of our rural country is being destroyed, they would rarely yield to the temptation of taking the sweet blossoms; and it would be well to give away publications like the *Selborne Magazine*, as many acts of depredation are committed in ignorance.

#### THE MARIONETTES.

AFTER an absence of some years, the Marionettes have returned to the scene of many of their greatest triumphs; for ever since the fifteenth century these amusing puppets have been favourites with Londoners. If we are not mistaken, their last appearance of any importance was about thirty-five years ago, when a troupe of wooden actors attracted crowds to the Adelaide Gallery to witness a performance of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp* and a "skit" on the adventures of Johanna Wagner and her manager, which were then the talk of the town. Doubtless the Italian Exhibition is mainly responsible for the appearance of no less than two companies of marionettes this season, one playing at the theatre recently opened in the gardens of that institution, and the other at Hengler's Circus. Both companies solemnly announce that they have had the honour of performing before their Italian Majesties, and are of equal merits. Unquestionably these are the right players for children, and this was the opinion of George Sand, who spent a good deal of her spare time at Nohant organizing performances of marionettes for the amusement of her grandchildren. From time immemorial these wooden comedians have held their own against players of flesh and bone, and have maintained a respectable position in the theatrical world. The ancient Egyptians were devoted to them, and even buried them decently in the coffins of their children; for relics of mechanical dolls have been frequently found in the coffins of Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman children. At the feast of Osiris they took an important part in the pageant, and later on, when Rome was at the acme of her glory, marionettes flourished exceedingly; and among the most popular of them was the figurine of Manducus, who is possibly the direct ancestor of Croquemitaine and Punch. After the decline of Roman grandeur, the wooden actors are lost sight of for nearly six hundred years. Possibly they were in existence, and paying their expenses right merrily; but we hear nothing of them until the middle ages have fairly set in, and then they came to the front once more—this time in religious garb, enacting scenes from the Bible, the life of Christ, and the legends of the saints. At Jerusalem the Crusaders witnessed them perform in the Passion plays; and in Spain, even as early as the Council of Orehuela, they had already become so numerous, and perhaps also so irregular in their conduct, by not appearing in sacred dramas with becoming gravity, that this solemn assembly unanimously excommunicated them, and decreed their suppression. In England, even in the time of Edward II., troupes of marionettes visited the village fairs and acted, to the delight of the country folk, Miracle and Passion plays. The sixteenth century beheld a startling change in their repertoire, at least in Italy. They suddenly abandoned the sacred for the profane drama, and Sanudo tells us in his Diary that, when Lucrezia Borgia was married to Don Alfonso d'Este, she was, among other innumerable amusements organized for her pleasure, entertained with a grand ballet, danced by dolls, which was performed before her at Bologna. Henry III. of France was a great patron of the marionettes, and so was Louis XIV., under whose reign, in 1669, the sum of 1,365 livres was paid to Jean Broché, a famous impresario of wooden actors, for eight performances by marionettes, before the Dauphin and the children of France. Anthony Hamilton, in a letter to the Princess Anne, daughter of James II., describes a marionette show at St. Germain, and quotes these lines:—

Blanchisseuses et soubrettes,  
Du dimanche dans leurs habits  
Avec les laquays leurs amis,  
Venant de voir à juste prix  
La troupe de marionnettes,  
Pour trois sols et quelque denier  
On leur fit voir non sans machines  
L'Enlèvement de Proserpine.

In the last century the marionettes were exceedingly fashionable, and Voltaire invited a troupe of them to visit him at Cirey, where they had the honour of performing before him and his friends, affording thereby a very fine subject for a picture, which we think has yet to be painted. The English Puritans waged a cruel war against the poor puppets, and it was not until quite late in the last century that they emerged in this country from their enforced concealment and became once again the fashion. In Italy they have always been favourites with all classes, and even now there are some twenty companies of them strolling up and down the country from Milan to Naples, playing principally in Advent and Lent, for the benefit of children, plays of a religious character. Of these companies, the best are the two now in London.

We are glad to observe that our old friends the marionettes are not as yet affected by the spirit of modern progress. They appear content to remain just as they have always been; for, beyond the fact that they are now decidedly smarter as regards their dress, their anatomy is as simple as ever, and the wires which make them move are quite as visible. Were they ever to complicate



their machinery, and to attempt to improve themselves, say by means of electricity, they would cease to be worthy of their fame. As they are at the Italian Exhibition and at Hengler's, so were they seen by Charles Dickens years ago in Genoa, when he immortalized them in one of his most diverting pieces of descriptive writing in *Sketches from Italy*. They need no improvement; for, if they were to be made in the least degree cleverer than they are, they would cease to astonish children and at the same time to amuse their elders. In their present condition, which we believe has changed but little since the days of the Caesars, they attract brilliant audiences, and prosper to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, manager included—indeed, especially of the manager. Their principal danseuses eclipse Palladino in graceful agility and defy the Lord Chamberlain. We cordially welcome these pleasant and harmless visitors. We have seen the Universal Deluge, and have been greatly edified on beholding the refined manners of Noah as he bows to the beasts as they pass into the ark; and we have heartily applauded the dancing of the *prima ballerina* in the brilliant ballet *Excelsior*. Marionettes are really a very important and interesting people—if so we may call them—having a history stretching back into the night of time, and a great historian and dramatist in M. Mongin, who has devoted years to their interests; and has not M. Gounod composed a funeral march in their honour? Why are they called marionettes? This is a question more difficult to answer than many a one of greater import. According to M. Mongin, they obtained this name in Venice, where *Marie di legno* or *Marionette*, wooden figures of the Virgin moved by machinery, used to be carried in the processions after the Serenissima had decreed that girls were no longer to dress themselves up as the Madonna. They are not to be confounded with Popozzi—very inferior people indeed, who are not moved by wires, but by the fingers, and who, like our own excellent Punch and Judy, can only appear under certain conditions, which a respectable marionette would consider most undignified and compromising.

#### RACING AT ASCOT.

THE misfortune which befell Friar's Balsam had been a source of terrible vexation to those who had hoped to see him win the Derby, and the reported lameness of the actual winner of the Derby, at the end of last week, was almost as great a disappointment to racegoers at Ascot. The first race at that meeting was a very close though scarcely a pretty one. Zest, an outsider at 16 to 1, who had been making the running, began to waver in his stride in the manner of a beaten horse at the distance, where Sky Pilot and Palmleaf drew gradually up to him. On nearing the winning-post Sky Pilot seemed to have the race in hand, as Zest was evidently quite pumped out; but somehow or other Zest just rolled in a head in advance of him, while Palmleaf was only half a length behindhand. The colt by Galliard out of Distant Shore, now named Gulliver, was made favourite for the Maiden Plate, on the strength of his third to Gold and Freemason for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. Opposite the Royal Enclosure four of the competitors were almost on even terms, and after a beautiful race the favourite, ridden by Webb, won by a head from Kingscote, ridden by T. Cannon, while the second and third and the third and fourth were only separated by necks. That Mr. Houldsworth's Arrandale should have been favourite for the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 2,225*l.* did not say much for the quality of the field that was to contend for it, as he had never won a race. Throughout the greater part of the race he ran very forward, and he took the lead on coming round the bend towards the stands; soon after entering the straight, however, he stopped so suddenly that it was feared he must have broken down, although he showed no signs of lameness after the race. When he gave up racing, Merry Andrew was left in front, though not for long, as the Duke of Westminster's Ossory, followed by Galore and Netheravon, shot past him. After this it was a tame affair, for Ossory ran on and won easily by three lengths. This own brother to Ormonde had only run twice before, the first occasion having been when he won the Criterion Stakes last October, and the second when he was unplaced for the Two Thousand. He is a chestnut colt with good shoulders and strong, lengthy quarters, and he now appeared far more muscular than on the day of the Two Thousand; but, in the opinion of some, he looks rather narrow and split up from behind, and his starting fifth favourite at 10 to 1 did not say much for the estimation in which he was held by the public. The Ascot Stakes was not a very satisfactory race, as the first favourite was a four-year-old carrying 6 st. 10 lbs., and the winner, who started at 20 to 1, was also a four-year-old and only carrying 6 st. 7 lbs. Mr. Brydges-Willyams's Banter had won the Great Northern Handicap at York under 6 st. 2 lbs. by five lengths, so, as he had only 7 lbs. extra to carry for that victory, he became a hot favourite for the Ascot Stakes; but he only ran third, the race being won by Mr. J. Jameson's Dan Dancer, a hurdle-racer who had taken part unsuccessfully in the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil last week. On leaving France he had been taken home to Penrith, and only on Monday, on being telegraphed for by his owner, was he brought all the way back to Ascot. He returned to Penrith the next day, after having travelled, it is said, over 1,800 miles in a fortnight. Twenty years had passed since a horse as old as four under 20

light a weight as 6 st. 7 lbs. had won the Ascot Stakes, and we hope that at least as many years may elapse before such an event occurs again. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Cotillon was the favourite for the Gold Vase, as his good and unexpected second to Orbit for the Craven Stakes had not been forgotten. After that race his present owner bought him for 1,500*l.* Ténébreuse, the winner of last year's Grand Prix de Paris, carrying a 7 lbs. penalty, was second favourite, but she ran like a non-stayer, and was beaten when she had gone about a mile and a half of the two mile course. Half-way up the hill, just opposite the new boxes, Exmoor and Cotillon came away together, and fought out a splendid race. Exmoor, who won the Visitors' Plate at Ascot a year ago, was just able to beat Cotillon by a head. Prince Soltikoff's chestnut colt, Gold, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, was made a strong favourite for the Biennial, and he won the race, but not until his backers had had a good fright, as Osborne made a very pretty rush on the outsider, John Elder, a very neat bay colt by Petrarch, that had been unplaced for the Whitsuntide Plate. All that he could do, however, was to collar the favourite and run him to a neck. Lord Durham's chestnut filly, Gulbeyaz, who had won two races and had never yet been beaten, was only half a length behind John Elder. That good stayer, the Duke of Westminster's Savile, was the favourite for the Triennial. Below the distance, Lord Calthorpe's Florentine came away as if he intended to win the race, only to change his mind and throw the whole thing up opposite the Royal Enclosure, leaving the Duke of Beaufort's Dante, to whom he was giving 19 lbs., to win easily, with Devilshoof and Ruddygore as second and third.

On the Wednesday Prince Soltikoff's Sheen, a nice level colt by Hampton, won the Ascot Derby of 1,175*l.* by five lengths, and Lord Londonderry's Hazlethatch had no difficulty in disposing of Lord Randolph Churchill's two-year-old filly L'Abbesse de Jouarre for the Fernhill Stakes. Backers were astute enough to select the winner from among the twenty-two candidates for the Royal Hunt Cup in Captain Macbell's Shillelagh, a three-year-old colt by the American-bred sire, Brown Prince. He won a couple of races last year in Ireland, where he was bred, and he was brought over to England, and beaten at Liverpool in the autumn. Captain Macbell then bought him, and about a month ago he ran him for the Newmarket Handicap, for which he started first favourite, made the running, and finished only fifth. He was put into the Royal Hunt Cup on the very favourable terms of 6 st. 3 lbs. He is a powerful, deep-bodied brown colt, and he ran well, but he was pressed rather hard by the outsider, Attila, who ran him to a neck, while Veracity, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, was not far behind him. Van Dieman's Land's third for the Derby was proved to be no fluke by his easy victory for the Biennial of 836*l.*, a race in which Chillington made no improvement on his Epsom form. For the Triennial of 621*l.*, Prince Soltikoff's pretty pony, Pantomime, by Mask, was beaten by Mr. Houldsworth's well-shaped and short-legged colt, Regalis, who was running in public for the first time. Although she was giving each of them a stone, Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, the winner of the Oaks, had no difficulty in beating her seven opponents for the Coronation Stakes of 2,200*l.*, thereby making her total winnings in stakes 9,272*l.* The last race of the day, the Visitors' Plate of 435*l.*, was won by the disappointing Ashplant, who had not won a race for two years.

As Satiety had not thickened out since last season so much as had been expected, the already mentioned two-year-old, John Elder, was made rather a better favourite for the New Biennial on the Thursday. The two-year-old made the running gaily enough for half the distance, and then Satiety drew up to him, whereupon he tried to swerve and ran in a most ungenerous fashion. Eventually Satiety won in a canter by four lengths. It was reasonable enough to make Seabreeze first favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes of 970*l.*; yet the shortness of the course and her 10 lbs. disadvantage in the weights were enough to account for her half-length defeat by Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Phil, who has improved very much in appearance since he ran third for the Prince of Wales's Stakes and fourth for the St. Leger last year; nor are critics wanting who doubt whether Phil's victory was not mainly owing to the brilliant riding of T. Cannon. Mr. H. McCalmont had shown good judgment in buying Timothy, even though the price was at a considerable advance on the 4,000 guineas for which Captain Macbell had purchased him from "Mr. Manton"; for he won the Ascot Cup in the commonest of canters from a previous winner of that very race, as well as from winners of the Oaks and the Grand Prix de Paris. It is, however, but fair to say that Bird of Freedom was decidedly "groggy," that Rêve d'Or seems to have lost her form, and that Ténébreuse has either done the same or proved herself unable to stay beyond a mile and three-quarters in good company. The Duke of Portland's Donovan walked rather queerly when he came out for the New Stakes; some said that this was owing to warbles under his saddle, others that it was the result of sore shins; nevertheless he won his race, although only by a neck after a desperate struggle with Gulliver, who had been run to a head by Kingscote and to half a length by Clodpole on the Tuesday. As he was giving Gulliver 7 lbs., this performance still left Donovan considerably better than either of the trio; and, if something extra ought to be allowed for the cause of his shrinking under his saddle—whatever it may have been—he may still be considered well at the head of the two-year-olds of the season. Some judges consider him wanting in bone, and rather straight on his forelegs; others, on the contrary, think him a colt with a

grand body on short legs, if on a somewhat small scale, and, to his credit be it spoken, he has already won 8,203*l.* in stakes. The five-year-old Deuce of Clubs, who cost 3,500 guineas nearly three years ago, won his maiden race in the All Aged Stakes of 310*l.*, and then came the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,550 guineas, which produced a magnificent race, ending in a dead heat, between Ossory and Galore. On the Tuesday, when Ossory had beaten Galore easily by three lengths for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the distance had been a mile and five furlongs, and now the course was only a mile; so, as Galore is a very fast horse, he was just able to catch Ossory. The day ended with a splendid race between Lord Calthorpe's *Tosceno* and Sir W. Throckmorton's *Annamite*, the former winning by a head.

The Duke of Westminster's *Orbit*, with 5 to 2 laid on him, swerved in his race for a Triennial of 952*l.*, and was beaten by a neck by Lord Falmouth's filly *Rada*, who had been second in the Oaks. Possibly the distance may have been too short for *Orbit*; but we are inclined to doubt it. A field of twenty-four ran for the Wokingham Stakes, and *Shillelagh*, who had been sold (it was said for 5,000*l.*) after his victory for the Royal Hunt Cup, was made favourite. The race, however, was won by Sir W. Throckmorton's *Annamite*, by four lengths. It was high time that he won something, as he had lost eleven races consecutively. Mr. Viner's *Minting*, with 100 to 7 laid on him, won the Hardwicke Stakes of 2,573*l.* from *Love-in-Idleness*, but scarcely in his best form. In spite of the general idea that his career has been blighted by Ormonde, *Minting* has now won more than 20,000*l.* The remarkably well-made but perhaps rather small two-year-old, *Linkboy*, won the Windsor Castle Stakes of 588*l.* He was purchased by Mr. Miller early in May for 2,500*l.*, and he has won three races running. *Attila*, who had only been beaten by a neck for the Royal Hunt Cup, was made favourite for the High Weight Plate of 615*l.*, and he just won it by a short head from a 20-to-1 outsider. *Timothy* won the Alexandra Plate in a canter by three lengths from *Savile* and *The Cob*, thereby bringing his winnings in stakes up to nearly 11,000*l.*

#### THE COPPER SYNDICATE.

FOR some little time an uneasy feeling has been growing that a fall in copper is imminent, since it is feared that the great Syndicate which forced up prices so rapidly last autumn then undertook more than it has been able to accomplish. It will be in the recollection of our readers that towards the close of last year there was a sudden rise in the price of the metal from about 40*l.* a ton to over 80*l.* a ton, and at the same time there was an equally rapid advance in the prices of copper-mining Companies' shares. To maintain the rise the Syndicate which manipulated the market entered into contracts with the principal copper-mining Companies all over the world, in which the Syndicate undertook to buy from the Companies at specified prices all the copper which the Companies could not sell to other parties at that price or higher. The Syndicate is represented by the *Société des Métaux*, and is understood to be supported by several great Paris banks and by powerful financial houses in Paris, London, and elsewhere. It must, of course, have been foreseen by the members of the Syndicate that so great a rise in price would attract copper from all parts of the world. Every one who had old copper to dispose of would naturally hurry it to market, while the copper-mining Companies likewise would be stimulated to increase their output. And this has occurred. In the eight months from the 1st of October to the end of May, the imports of copper into England and France amounted to very nearly 84,000 tons, while in the corresponding period of last year they were only slightly over 50,000 tons. There was thus an increase in the eight months, compared with last year, of very nearly 34,000 tons, or almost 68 per cent. The members of the Syndicate, as we have said, must have been prepared for this increase in imports, and at first sight they seem to be justified in their anticipations of success by the fact that the sales for consumption from the great storehouses have rather increased. Thus sales from the great storehouses to buyers supposed to be consumers of the metal amounted in the eight months ended with May to 63,577 tons, against 60,137 tons in the corresponding period of last year. There is here an increase of about 5 per cent. in the actual deliveries for consumption—a very remarkable fact, indeed, when we bear in mind that the price of the metal is double now what it was last year. But the satisfaction with the figures in the eyes of the Syndicate must be greatly lessened when they look at the deliveries for consumption month by month. Since the 1st of January there has been a very great falling off in the deliveries. Thus, to take the single month of May, there were only about 6,000 tons delivered for consumption, against about 10,000 tons in May of last year. The increase in the deliveries was entirely in the three last months of last year. It would seem that the sudden rise in price which began early in October so alarmed the manufacturers who use copper in any considerable quantities that they bought largely, so as to replenish their stocks; but ever since the present year began the purchases by manufacturers and other consumers have greatly decreased—have been little more, in fact, than two-thirds of what they were in the first five months of last year.

There would seem to be no doubt, then, that various economies are being practised for the purpose of avoiding the use of copper

in telegraphy, in the construction of steam-engines, and the like. It is said, indeed, that copper is being largely replaced by steel, and that to this is due the falling off in the purchases for consumption during the past five months. There are no means of checking the accuracy of these statements, but we doubt whether economies of this kind are possible on a very great scale. In certain parts of steam-engines, for example, copper has always in this country been regarded as much safer than steel, and there is no question that it is so, unless great care is taken to use only soft water, and also in the choice of fuels. It is hardly probable, therefore, that, for the mere sake of saving what after all is not a very large proportion in the total cost of a railway engine, copper would be largely displaced by steel. Still economies of the kind are being practised to some extent, and do account, partially at least, for the falling off in the purchases of the past five months. At the same time, it is reasonably to be assumed that, while the price of copper was so excessively low last year, stocks were largely replenished; secondly, that, when the rise began in October, the purchasers for consumption, as we stated above, were on an extraordinary scale; and, thirdly, that consumers believe the present rise cannot be maintained, and, consequently, are keeping out of the market in the hope that a fall must occur. But, whether economies are being practised upon a very large scale or not, it is unquestionable that the quantity of copper which the Syndicate has to buy is very large. We showed above that the imports of copper into this country and France exceed the imports in the corresponding eight months of last year by about 68 per cent., and that, on the other hand, the sales for consumption exceed those of the corresponding period of last year only about 5 per cent. Last year, in the eight months ended with May, the total imports were in round figures about 50,000 tons, and the total sales for consumption about 60,000 tons. There were, therefore, 10,000 tons sold more than were imported into the two countries in the period under review, or about 20 per cent. But in the eight months of this year, while the imports were nearly 84,000 tons, the deliveries were under 64,000 tons. In other words, the sales for consumption fell short of the imports by 20,000 tons, or nearly 25 per cent. Under the arrangements entered into by the Syndicate with the copper-mining Companies the Syndicate is clearly bound, if called upon, to take up and pay for all this vast excess of imports over consumption. It is noticeable, however, that the imports from the United States during the past eight months have been very large, and it is possible, therefore, that stocks in the United States have been greatly reduced. In other words, it is possible that the increase in the imports into the United Kingdom and France which has led to a marked increase in the stock of unsold copper in the principal storehouses may be due largely to the removal of unused stocks from one side of the Atlantic to the other. The Syndicate, it will be recollected, entered into arrangements with the American Companies as well as with the Companies of other countries, and the imports may be due possibly to those arrangements. As we have not the figures of the American supply before us, it is not yet proved that there has actually taken place a very great increase in the production. If we look alone at the figures of the imports into the United Kingdom and France, it seems clear that a marked increase in production must have occurred; but if, as is possible, the increase in the imports is due rather to the transhipment of stocks already existing in the United States to Europe than to the export from the United States of newly-raised copper, there will not be the marked increase in production that the figures at first sight suggest.

Even if it be true, however, that the unused stocks in the United States have been reduced, the position of the Syndicate is not greatly improved. Naturally it takes a considerable time to increase the output from the mines of the world. It was only in October last that the rise began. The rise was probably regarded by mineowners, as well as by others, as a temporary market fluctuation; but when they perceived that a great Syndicate possessed of a vast capital had manipulated the rise, and intended to do its utmost to maintain the movement, then mineowners naturally took measures to increase their output. It would be only gradually, however, that those measures would bear fruit, and it is rather in the future than in the immediate past that the results will be seen. If this be so, if the output from all the mines is increased in a marked degree, as it promises to be, and as, in the nature of things, it ought to be, then the Syndicate will be called upon month after month to take up and pay for larger and larger quantities of copper. The members of the Syndicate hope that economies in the use of copper cannot be introduced with sufficient rapidity and sufficient safety to enable manufacturers and other consumers to reduce greatly their purchases of the metal, and therefore they predict that by-and-by consumers will have to increase their purchases. Consumers, on the other hand, maintain that the economies are possible and will be practised. It seems, however, that the members of the Syndicate are not quite so confident as they were, inasmuch as they are reported to be endeavouring to form in Paris a great Company which shall take upon itself all the obligations incurred by the Syndicate in reference to the copper-mining Companies. It is hardly likely that the general public will subscribe to a Company which is to take over from the members of the Syndicate such heavy obligations. If the *Société des Métaux*, the great Paris banks, and the principal financial houses of Europe regard those obligations as so heavy that they wish to pass them on to a Company formed for the purpose, it is not probable that the general public will subscribe to that Company, and it certainly is not desirable that they



should do so. But it is possible that the members of the Syndicate themselves and their immediate friends and connexions may join the Company. It is understood that the great banks guaranteed the engagements of the Syndicate only for a single year. The year will expire at the end of September; and, unless the guarantee is renewed or a Company powerful enough to take upon itself all the obligations of the Syndicate and inspire confidence in the public is formed, then the Syndicate must fall to pieces. Rather than see it so fall to pieces, it is possible that the principal members of the Syndicate may form a Company themselves, and attempt to carry on the operations of the Syndicate for another year or two. On the other hand, many members of the Syndicate must begin to doubt whether it is possible very long to maintain a price which is now seen to be clearly artificial. The price of copper was too low when it stood at 40*l.* a ton, as is clearly proved by the fact that, notwithstanding the price is double as much now, the consumption during the eight months ended with May was somewhat larger than that of the corresponding period of last year. But it seems equally evident that at 80*l.* a ton and over the price is too high, since, as we have been pointing out above, consumption has been greatly falling off since the 1st of January. But if the price, as is generally admitted, is now too high, many members of the Syndicate must see that an excessive price cannot be permanently maintained, that the longer it is maintained the larger will be the liabilities incurred, and that when at last a fall does come, the loss will be all the greater. Many people, therefore, doubt whether it will prove possible to form this great Company, and if the Company is not formed, and the guarantee of the banks is not renewed, then it seems evident that the Syndicate must go to pieces. Should that occur, the losses doubtless will be very heavy. Much, no doubt, will depend upon the course of politics.

#### THE PICTURES AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

TO be just to modern Italian art we must criticize it on its own merits, and not by the standard of the great masters of the past; for, since the middle of the eighteenth century until quite recently, Italy has produced no artist of exceptional distinction. Modern Italian art, both in sculpture and painting, is entirely new, and, in a certain degree, quite as much a matter of to-day as the American school, and, like it unfortunately, only too much addicted to imitating the French. On close examination the vast majority of the pictures shown at the Exhibition appear carelessly and hastily painted, the details slovenly, the figures out of proportion and drawing, and the architecture and landscape not in perfect perspective. On the other hand, the colouring is almost invariably good, rich, and harmonious, and the subjects well chosen, barring always some few horrible Zolaistic realisms which ought to be burnt. The dozen or so really great pictures are, however, so very fine that we are compelled to acknowledge with regret that our own exhibitions cannot show anything to approach them in general excellence. Mr. Whitley has wisely arranged the pictures lent by the King of Italy and the Italian Government by themselves. Each being in its way a masterpiece, they would certainly have dwarfed the majority of the pictures in the other rooms. They will be found to the right immediately on entering the Exhibition from West Brompton. The most striking is Signor Francesco Jacovacci's "Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo." The body of the dead poetess, robed in white satin, is seen stretched upon a bier. Michael Angelo leans over her, and lifts her stiff hand to his lips. The colouring is exceedingly strong, and the manner in which the folds of the white satin gown are made to stand out from the surrounding gloom is worthy of Rembrandt. Although the face of the dead woman is painted with terrible realism, it does not offend the sense of repose, being so perfectly rendered. The whole aspect of this fine picture is solemnly majestic. Next to it hangs another noble work, "Refugium Peccatorum," by Luigi Nono. The scene is on the terrace of a landing-place near Venice. Standing out against a rainy autumnal sky is the pedestal of a statue of the Virgin, before whom burns a lamp adorned with a few flowers. On the wet pavement, strewn with dry leaves, a poor girl kneels in an agony of shame and remorse, praying to the Refuge of Sinners. Her attitude is so full of passion and pathos, that the fact that her face is hidden is scarcely noticed. The whole work is replete with genius—a poem on canvas. "The Flight of Pope Eugenius IV." is a powerful but rather melodramatic picture by Pio Joris. "The Charge of the Bersaglieri," by Signor M. Cammerano, is spirited, but to us, at least, uninteresting. "The Forest of Fontainebleau," by Giuseppe Palizzi, is admirably painted, and "Winter," by Calderini, is a softly treated view in the gardens of the Pincio on a gloomy day. In the same room with these pictures are three by Favoretto, whose death last year cast a gloom over the Italian art world. Needless to say that they represent scenes in Venice, and are painted with all the brilliance of colouring and knowledge of effect which rendered this regretted artist so deservedly popular. Judging by the crowd always assembled in admiration before them, Professor Giuseppe Sciuti's two immense pictures are the most attractive of any. Unquestionably they give evidence of extraordinary talent, and, if we except certain evidence of the scene-painter's art about them, they are certainly very imposing. The subjects, however, must be found rather uninteresting by the general British public, which is not, we fear, very familiar with

Herodotus and Plutarch, to which authorities the Catalogue dryly refers its readers for further information concerning the Battle of Imera and the Second Foundation of Rome. Signor Sciuti's figures are boldly and well drawn, and his grouping is beyond praise. His smaller pictures are less good. The "Chariot Race," however, is spirited, and the "Light of the World"—in reality, the "Madonna and Child"—is graceful. In the adjoining room is a collection of pictures by two well-known Italian "impressionists," Cremona and Segatini. Signor Tranquillo Cremona has won deserved popularity, and his "A Mother's Love," if seen from a certain distance, is delightful. The two heads are very pretty, and equally clever in their way are "Smiles" and "The Love Child," by the same artist. Signor Segatini paints in a dry and hard fashion scenes of rural life, and indulges in curious effects of white and blue, yellow and green, which at a distance produce effects quite lost on close inspection. Perhaps the finest example of this artist's decidedly original style is the "Ave Maria," on which we see a boat full of sheep under the care of a shepherdess and her father, who are singing the "Ave Maria" as they pass slowly by twilight across a tranquil lake. Signor Angelo Morbelli's "The Vaticum" deserves notice; the effect of the light surrounding the priest who carries the Host, seen through a dim window, being particularly striking. Signor Erulo Eruli's "Pergolesi at the Funeral of the Princess Spinelli" (672) is in every way a remarkable picture. It represents the choir of a Dominican nunnery. The body of the broken-hearted girl, who was forced by her relentless father to take the veil, is seen stretched, according to the Italian custom, on the pavement of the church. The friars are singing a dirge, and Pergolesi himself kneels in despair at the foot of the bier. It is a most picturesque and romantic scene, dramatic, but not at all theatrical. The grouping of the numerous figures is admirable, and the colouring rich and harmonious. "Lacrimas Rerum," by Natale Attanasio, is a painful picture, but very well painted and full of pathos, representing the interior of that department of a mad-house which is devoted to women suffering from religious mania. There are subjects best left alone, and this is one of the number. "A Winter Marriage," by Eugenio Prati, is a pretty picture of a group of Piedmontese peasants returning in the snow from a wedding. Signor Baccani's "Orange Girl" is well painted and pretty. A charming bit of seaside life at Naples is "Christening a Boat," by Signor Montefusco, who has a number of other very good scenes of Neapolitan life here. Signor Antonio Leto has a rough and strong head of a Neapolitan fisherman; and Signor L. Rossi's "A Venetian Scene—Seventeenth Century" (524) is very quaint. A group of ladies in hooped skirts, wearing the black satin zendalle, or hood, so often mentioned by Goldoni, are seen with their cavaliers ascending and descending a magnificent marble staircase, the roof above glowing with frescoes and gilding. Signor Joris's "Il Canastone" (468), in which we see a village congregation filing quietly out of church in the twilight, is reposeful and refined. Near it is a small picture, called "The Bridge of Love," by Francesco Bruneri—a group of people, in magnificent costumes of the seventeenth century, are playing an old-fashioned game in a sumptuous apartment. It is painted with wonderful precision, and with a finish worthy of Teniers or Meissonier. Almost opposite is a pretty head of a girl, "Ninella," by Signor Giorgio del Grillo.

The landscapes are numerous, and some of them excellent, but, as a rule, not equal to our own. They lack quality and atmosphere. Of views of Venice there are at least a hundred, and most of them are picturesque, the best being those by Miss Clara Montalba, and Signori Camprani, Comirato, Luigi, Lanza, and Rosa. The portraits are decidedly inferior. Among the best is a very pretty portrait of Miss Eva Mendelssohn, by Attilio Baccani; a good full-length portrait of the Italian Royal Family, by Chev. Desanges; and a very strong portrait of Mr. J. R. Whitley, by Signor Pappacena.

Mr. Robert Browning sends an interesting view of Mrs. Browning's study in Casa Guidi, and Signor Eruli a series of marvellous imitations of tapestry. There are also, by the way, in this gallery some magnificent ancient tapestries of great interest woven in Brussels, after designs by Giulio Romano, lent by Signor Brancaccio. The water-colour drawings are innumerable, and many of them admirable, but none of extraordinary merit.

The gardens of the Exhibition, now that they are completed, are certainly very charming, and the reproduction of the Podesta's palace at Padua is most realistic. Internally it is an ordinary concert-hall, at present tenanted by a highly intelligent troupe of marionettes. Signor Liverani's view of the Forum is well worth seeing, and so, by the way, is the magnificent show of rhododendrons and various kinds of lilies made by Mr. Goldring, the clever designer of these pretty gardens.

#### RICHTER CONCERTS.

LAST Monday's concert may fairly rank as one of the musical events of the present season. *La Damnation de Faust* has been rendered in London without any hint of disregard for the composer's intentions and with all the loving care and faultless intuition and power which Dr. Richter bestows upon the music which he brings forward. His orchestra has never been heard to greater advantage. Although the performance of its members was throughout admirable, we may select the trumpets

for especial praise—indeed it is hardly too much to say that the beautiful trumpet canons which are to be met with in the score have on this occasion been perfectly played for the first time within our recollection. Berlioz has been often and sharply criticized for his fondness for writing rapid passages, often presenting great difficulties for the brass. Dr. Richter and his executants have given the best of all possible answers to this objection. Berlioz has, perhaps, suffered more than any other musician from the ignorance and stupidity of conductors who have undertaken the heavy task of interpreting his works. No better proof of the truth of this assertion can be brought forward than that contained in the difference of the effect produced by the music of the "Infernal Orgy" as interpreted by Dr. Richter from the flat, lifeless travesty of the composer's intentions to which we have suffered ourselves to become accustomed under other hands. It is a noteworthy fact that the chorus, thanks to the artistic inspiration with which it was fired, produced a far more impressive effect in this scene than has been attained by more powerful and better exercised bodies of voices on other occasions. The Hungarian March, which is so largely dependent for its effect on the refinement and nervous energy with which the brass is handled, was played as if, to quote from Wagner, the orchestra "had swallowed the Devil." It is needless to add that the tempo adopted by Dr. Richter was absolutely right. The Ballet of Sylphs afforded an opportunity for the display of that rarest of phenomena—a full *pianissimo*—in contradistinction to the feeble and slightly discordant series of whispers from the orchestra with which we are so frequently afflicted. It seems invidious to dwell upon any slight flaw which may have occurred in such an artistic and life-giving performance; but Dr. Richter's very marked insistence on the suggestion of the spinning-wheel in the ballad of the "King of Thule" appears to us to be open to objection. The profoundly poetical introduction to the Legend charged with the fresh sap and the bright wet skies of spring was greatly rendered, and the orchestral accompaniments throughout were treated with unerring discrimination and power. The bitter weather was not favourable to the singing of the chorus, but we must in justice admit that they came fairly well through the intensely trying ordeal of the chorus of soldiers and students. Their singing of the Easter Hymn—one of the most contestable numbers to be met with in the course of the work—betrayed, on the other hand, considerable weakness and hesitation. Mr. Santley is always a great artist, and, although his voice was affected by the unfavourable atmospheric conditions which prevailed, he sang with incomparable style, and perfect understanding of the composer's intention. Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice and method have in nowise suffered from his recent tour in America; but he occasionally lacks dramatic impulse, and we cannot congratulate either him or Miss Mary Davies on their industrious declamation of the passionate and beautiful music committed to their charge. Miss Davies, however, must not call the King of Thule the King of Thewl. The concert opened with a deeply impressive performance of the funeral march from the *Götterdämmerung*, played in a spirit befitting the occasion which gave rise to its performance. The concert given on June 11 is chiefly memorable for the astonishingly brilliant performances of Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, and an admirable rendering of the "Charfreitags-Zauber," from *Parsifal*. Dr. Mackenzie's Overture to *Twelfth Night* was repeated, and Mr. Henri Marteau was heard in M. Saint-Saëns's "Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso." Wagner's "*Faust* Overture," and "Trauer-Marsch," and Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony completed the programme.

#### MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

IN these pages we have often spoken of the advantages of small exhibitions and one-man shows. They give people opportunities of studying delicate art quietly, and of learning to appreciate refined work which would be overlooked in the garish confusion of a large miscellaneous exhibition. Some great and thorough painters possess all qualities in a high degree. They are more or less armed at every point; they are strong as well as delicate and personal; they can resist all influences, and can hold their own amongst even the most powerful neighbours. This is not the case with many kinds of really artistic genius. There are pictures which produce their effect slowly; which speak, as it were, in a low voice, and only to those who listen. To do justice to such work one must be introduced to it under conditions more or less similar to those of a private room. The small gallery and the one-man show are necessary for these pictures, which, after all, best meet the requirements of the ordinary buyer and the ordinary house.

This week we have to speak of several men who deserve the title of artist. In their several, perhaps rather narrow paths, the brothers Maris, Messrs. Alfred Parsons and E. A. Abbey, and Mr. Heath Wilson all show special natural gifts and a natural love of special sides of nature. Of course, James and Matthew Maris by the scope of their work, by the originality of their imaginations, by the power of their treatments of material, by the completeness and breadth of their styles are bigger men than any of the others, and stand on a broader and loftier platform. James Maris, as we have said in former articles, belongs to a school which has the merit of having occupied itself with nature and with artistic style in a very happy proportion. Corot, to men-

tion a most illustrious example, was as much concerned about the aspect of a canvas as about doing justice to those qualities which he admired in nature. He allowed his impression of an effect to colour his imagination, to determine the character of his pictorial ensemble; but then he took care that his canvas, as decoration, should make an appeal consonant with the sentiment of the original effect. He admitted nothing useless, nothing contradictory, and so his work affects you with the singleness of a perfume or an old tune. Style and matter tell the same story, and when you look unconsciously at his pictures without taking in what they represent their decorative pattern still marks the proper key of feeling. Where Linnell accompanied the grave vastness of a large sunset with a pattern of mean mechanical little dots, Corot spread broad, cloudy, magically-gradated masses, bearing hints of detail spotted in with more than Japanese significance and beauty. We claim for James Maris that he has followed this example, and has worked at making his pictures look all of a piece. Keeping to some ensemble of feeling, enforcing some grand general character of expression would seem to be the real object of the true artist. Maris seeks something very different, something infinitely less elegant and classic than Corot, but he seeks it with the same art and judgment. His fine appreciation of the character of the stuff he works in enables him to reject any forms, colours, or combinations which contradict his ensemble or seem foreign to his key of feeling. English art became for a time utterly dead to the character of the materials of a picture, and only alive to the story related or the piece of nature represented. This is the lowest depth of art; it is as if musicians lost all feeling for the intrinsic character of musical intervals and phrases, and used them only to imitate natural noises. So much seems necessary for the comprehension of a view of art which Englishmen are happily now beginning to understand and practise as well as Dutchmen. "On the Quay" (2) contains one of the softest and deepest amongst James Maris's many fine rolling skies. "The Shower (Ploughing)" (5) shows an effect carefully observed at first hand and, in the painting especially of sky and distance, a lovely quality as of old porcelain. But the good work of James Maris is too numerous to mention, whether water-colour, as "Clouds Passing over Dunes" (63) and "Twilight" (65), or oil, as "A Cloud Effect" (30) and "An Old Dutch City" (11). Occasionally, as in "The Three Windmills" (3), James Maris is inclined to a brutality of method and to a neglect of his usual finesse in "values." The less thorough and realistic and more dreamily imaginative art of his brother Matthew is very slightly represented. No such complete idea of his powers can be gained as was given by Mr. Hamilton Bruce's gathering of his work in the Foreign Loan Section of the Edinburgh Exhibition. "Sunday Morning" (10) and "The Drawbridge" (15) are the most typical of his brown, close range of colour and his strange, fantastic feeling for pictorial arrangement. "Near the Hague" (52), perhaps the best William Maris, shows a fresh, aerial plain, a quiet pool, and several wandering cattle. Taken as a whole, this collection is one of the most interesting shows we have yet seen at the Goupil Galleries.

Messrs. E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons have a show of black-and-white drawings at the rooms of the Fine Art Society which proves that each works in his own corner of the field with genuine artistic feeling. Mr. Abbey is more than an accomplished draughtsman; he enters thoroughly into the situations and characters that he means to represent, and he gives a gesture or an expression with a sincerity and a sympathy that are more valuable than merely clever technique. When he chooses, however, he also gratifies the eye with fine artistic arrangement and selection. "A Chamber in an Old-Fashioned House—enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle," No. 7 in the illustrations to *She Stoops to Conquer*, is just what a black-and-white in line should be. There is not too much in it and no unnecessary scabble of strokes. Many as good may be found; but there is no denying that Mr. Abbey has done too much, and that in a drawing here and there the technique has the air of being scratchy, hurried, and overloaded. In whatever he does Mr. Parsons shows a sincere and ardent search of form and a wonderful command of technical resources. This does not prevent his attaining an exquisite simplicity in some of the drawings in full tone. "Twilight" (93), a river scene, is very broad and poetical; and we may say the same of "Stonington" (111), a street view. In "Poppies" (86) he shows a beautiful refinement of method, and in "A Sea Fight" (96) the close values of the sky are most delicately rendered.

Mr. W. Heath Wilson has a real gift of colour. One does not often see a collection of little oil sketches more evenly charming than his exhibition "Venice" at Messrs. Clifford & Co.'s gallery, Piccadilly. You will see a harmony and variety about the tender colouring of these broadly-treated little gems which you may look for in vain in the majority of large, ambitious, and high-priced canvases. Mr. Wilson adds to a tasteful arrangement of colours an excellent distribution of quantities in his masses, and an appreciation of aerial effect which enables him to dispense with petty details without falling into an appearance of emptiness. Out of many good things we may mention "Sunset from the Lido" (6), a rich sky red at the base contrasted with deep blue water; "The Dogana" (12), lovely in its general tone of warm suffused air, in the effectively planted orange sail, in the varied pearly tones of the softly undulating water; "Lagune" (8), a stretch of silvery sea and a group of distant sails; "Towers of Lucca" (42), with a pearly sky, purple-blue hills, and the tall, straight shafts of building shooting up in the middle distance; "Florence by



"Moonlight" (55), an exquisite night scene, and Nos. 61, 68, 7, 32, and 9.

The Dudley Art Society's water-colours deserve more space than we can give them, for, amongst a good deal of rubbish, one sees signs of improvement in the stronger men. Water-colour is so decidedly the favourite refuge of the weak and of those who cannot see for themselves that many people think strength and sincerity foreign to the medium. The aspect of nature, however, can be rendered in water-colour with the same power and truth as in oils, and those who fail must offer an equivalent in fine decorative quality or be counted incompetent. Mr. W. Rupert Stevens is one of the most robust realists of this gallery, and with him we must rank Mr. Claude Hayes and Mr. L. Doucet. Among Mr. W. R. Stevens's best things are a fine bold figure sketch, "Marie—Antwerp Peasant" (301), and a splendidly broad rendering of sky, distance, and a large stretch of beach peopled with figures, "Sand, a Langham Sketch" (302). Mr. Claude Hayes gives a very true and striking representation of a red sunrise in his "Frosty Morning" (196); and Mr. L. Doucet presents a figure under a real effect of light and with well subdued accessories in his "Outdoor Study" (139). Among ladies' work Miss Daisy Gresley's "Rome from Ponte Molle" (72), worked with a fresh, lively touch; Miss K. Macaulay's firmly drawn "Prawning Boat" (2), and Miss Sophia Beale's carefully observed "Ethelbert Gate, Norwich" (166), are perhaps the most thorough. Good work also comes from Miss Rose Barton, Miss Harriet Skidmore, Miss Bailward, Miss M. Bernard, Miss M. A. Butler, Miss O'Hara, and one or two more. Mr. Walter Severn, Mr. S. F. G. Giampettri, Mr. J. M. Donne, Mr. R. Richardson, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. S. Key, and Mr. C. W. Ronby contribute pleasant work. Mr. W. Lloyd in "Watching their Chance to Gybe" (273), without showing any feeling for pictorial beauty, gives proof of a conscientious study of marine subjects, and a thorough sympathy with one side of nature. A set of black-and-whites by Mr. E. Wagner show great fertility of invention in subject.

Two Exhibitions dealing with Japanese art are now open in Bond Street. Messrs. Dowdeswell show a large collection of Kakémonos, or scroll pictures; the Japanese Fine Art Association a miscellaneous assemblage of lacquer, wood and metal work, pottery, drawings, embroidery, &c. We can by no means swallow everything that comes from Japan, or accept the doctrine of the infallibility of Eastern taste. Spottiness is a common fault. Elaboration of pattern pays very well in decoration when the details are grouped under larger masses, and some breadth of system gives unity to the design. This is frequently altogether absent, while (may we say it?) crude and undigested colour is too often present. We spoke above of the art of Corot and his school. Grandeur, and as tasteful in decoration, it possesses an unspeakably deeper and more significant poetry from its fuller and closer association with natural beauty. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's many schools of painting are illustrated, and probably none will appeal so surely to English artists as that which Okio chiefly helped to found. "Puppies at Play" (415), "Carp in Stream" (461), "Rat on Feather-brush" (409), will give an idea of his quiet harmony of colour and his masterly realistic drawing. "Poonies and Sparrow" (73), by Oguri-Sotan, is a good example of a still earlier realistic school; while the "Sixteen Rakkans" (1), "Bensaiten" (2), and "Armida" (3) are specimens of the solemn style of many hundred years ago. Work by So-sen, Yosai, Hokusai, and others, should not be passed over.

At the galleries of the Association no finer specimens of lacquer can be found than "Writing-table and Case" (1), "Gold Lacquered and Inlaid Cabinet" (7), and "Round Gold Lacquered and Inlaid Picture" (10), which last represents, with great finesse of expression, Confucius, Lao-tze, and Buddha. In metal-work it would be difficult to beat "Inlaid Iron Vase" (38), by Komai. The pattern is at once elaborate and large, and as graceful as it is original. If anything would content one more, it would be perhaps such a grand, unadorned bronze as the Chinese "Sacrificial Vase" (43). Amongst Chinese and Japanese ware there is much that is beautifully harmonious in colour and design. Such are the large bottle (54), with its bold pattern of blue and white, and its admirable finesse of drawing; the green and red candlestick (68); "Imari Reticulated Dish" (87), with its curious archaic colouring; the tender hues of the "Cloisonné Bottle" (93), and the noble black jar (53).

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN had not previously this season been so full as it was on Saturday evening, when *Lohengrin* was represented. The conjunction of Mme. Albani and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké would account for a crowded theatre; but the popularity of *Lohengrin* is, at the same time, undoubted. This by no means implies what is understood as conversion to Wagnerism. When, at the end of the first performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, in the Bayreuth Theatre, Herr Wagner claimed credit for having given the world a new art—the cogency of the claim need not be here examined—it was understood that the gift involved the suppression and extinction of the old art; opera of the hitherto existing school was to be heard no more; but to this new art the world has by no means taken kindly. *Lohengrin* is admired because so much of it is beautiful as beauty in music was understood before the new art—only the glimmerings of which are here

and there found in *Lohengrin*, at any rate in the version as played in England—came into existence. For the sake of that which is beautiful audiences accept that which is not, and under this latter head must be included the parts of Ortruda and Telramondo. There is a quaint simplicity in the observations of the *Times*' critic on this head. He shared with other devotees of Herr Wagner the most ardent admiration for Ortruda's score. After hearing it a great many times, these devotees "did not quite know what to make of it," and so they wrote to the composer to ask what it all meant. Could there be evidence of a more guileless faith? Herr Wagner replied at considerable length. Ortrud was a woman who did not know love. "Politics are her essence," he wrote, with amplification of the idea, and need it be said that next time these enthusiasts heard the opera they found every bar eloquently descriptive of the mediæval female politician? Can we believe that, if Herr Wagner had told them anything else, they would not have believed that with equal fervour? The gist of our complaint against the later developments of Wagnerism, the reason why we oppose the creed, is contained in the anecdote. Music which does not explain itself, the meaning of which has to be set forth in writing, lacks the very first essential that true music should possess. The *Times*' critic also tells us that M. Jenn de Reszké seemed to "float on the waves of beautiful sound," and, though a less rhapsodical writer would scarcely have had such a phenomenal exploit suggested to him, we are privileged to grasp the meaning of the phrase. The charm of *Lohengrin*'s music is not to be resisted; but we are not, and never shall be, reconciled to the utterances of the "reactionary woman" and her unloved husband.

The recent performance was of remarkable excellence as regards principals and orchestra, and we are almost disposed to include choristers, for much of their work was done in highly creditable style. At times they lacked balance and steadiness; but we have never heard these choruses given in a way that was beyond criticism, and the Covent Garden singers acquitted themselves decidedly well. We desire to do them no less than justice, still it must not be said that the amazement at the appearance of the knight in the distance, and his welcome as the deliverer of the slandered maiden, were expressed with all possible significance. Later on the music grows simpler, and fuller justice was done to it. Mme. Albani's Elsa has been known for several years past as an interpretation of exceptional merit. She fills the part as well as it can be filled by an artist gifted with high intelligence, a nice sense of dramatic aptitude, and a capacity for the exhibition of emotion; who in fact is deficient in nothing but the inspiration of genius. Mme. Albani was somewhat above her usual level of excellence, doubtless for the reason that her companion sustained her. M. Jean de Reszké approaches nearly to the ideal *Lohengrin*—we are not likely soon to see another who falls so little short, for the experience of past years has taught us how rare is the union of the voice, the vocalist, and the actor. We wish nevertheless that some competent director would rearrange the fight with Telramondo. Mr. Harris's stage management is generally reasonable and often skilful, but we feel that if this duel occurred in a play at the Lyceum it would be more effectively contrived. It does not resolve itself into the childish pushing match that we have sometimes seen, but Elsa's accuser is overcome a great deal too easily. It is with the whiff and wind of *Lohengrin*'s sword that Telramondo falls, and though of course the knight had supernatural aid—a circumstance which detracts somewhat from the credit due to heroism—and so might have quelled the traitor as he chose, if a fight takes place on the stage it should be fought with vigour. It is curious to observe how little action there is in the parts of *Lohengrin*, the King, and Elsa, and yet how much effect they create. The duel apart, few operatic personages preserve so calm a demeanour as the Knight of the Swan, who, nevertheless, in the hands of such an artist as M. Jean de Reszké, is always prominent and impressive. Again M. Edouard de Reszké shared the honours of the evening with his brother. The stately air of the warrior king is admirably preserved, and the music could not be more appropriately rendered. The King has the luxury of a few vocal phrases to sing, as, for instance, in the prayer; the Herald has nothing but proclamations to issue, and the one thing demanded of him is to declaim them with accurate intonation. This Signor Navarrini did, and he is therefore to be commended. Telramondo and his political wife found energetic representatives in Signor d'Andrade and Mme. Hastreiter, and energy, if duly directed, is here a leading necessity. We are not in the least convinced that the music of these characters would not have been quite as expressive if it had also been agreeable; nevertheless, there is cause to be grateful for *Lohengrin* as it exists. Mme. Hastreiter did far better as Ortruda than as Donizetti's Leonora last season.

Little need be said about the representation of the *Barbier*. We are not alone in our opinion as to Mlle. Arnoldson's absence of qualifications for a leading position at Covent Garden. Her rendering of Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," interpolated into the Lesson Scene, was sadly laboured and lacking in fluency. The Almaviva of Signor Ravelli and the Figaro of Signor d'Andrade were but indifferent performances. Neither vocalist did justice to Rossini's florid music. Indeed, the art of singing this music seems to be growing extinct. M. Edouard de Reszké's Basilio was, however, excellent, and we confess that Signor Ciampi's Bartolo amuses us.

## DRAMATIC RECORD.

ONE of the characters in Mr. C. Haddon Chambers's new play, *Captain Swift*, produced during the week at the Haymarket Theatre, comments on "the long arm of coincidence." It is a metaphor which must be cautiously employed, but we shall perhaps be safe in saying that in Mr. Chambers's play this arm has a peculiarly comprehensive and remarkable embrace. Captain Swift is the professional name of a notorious Queensland bushranger, who visits England when the colony has grown too hot to hold him. He chances to be passing along a London street when an old gentleman named Seabrook is knocked down by a hansom cab, and "Mr. Wilding," as the bushranger calls himself, rescues the victim of the accident from a perilous position under the wheels. The muscles of the long arm of coincidence are here being expanded. Mr. Seabrook asks his preserver to dine, and it gradually appears that Mrs. Seabrook is Captain Swift's mother; that the Seabrook butler is the Captain's foster-brother; and that the only other guest besides himself is a Queensland squatter, Mr. Gardiner, from whom Swift had once stolen a famous black horse. In course of time a detective, in search of the bushranger, calls at the house, and meets the object of his quest (whom he does not know) face to face, and this is another coincidence—indeed, nothing but the appearance of the black horse is wanted to make the series of coincidences quite complete and to gather under the roof of the casual stranger met in the street all who had been in any way connected with the bushranger's proceedings, so far as the story is concerned with them. This is really too much coincidence—the arm is unduly long. It is as if Box and Cox not only discovered that they were long-lost brothers, but also that Mrs. Bouncer was their mother, Mr. Knox a first cousin, and Penelope Ann an aunt by marriage. Mr. Chambers would have got on better without the butler, a very melodramatic personage whose behaviour is generally impossible. If the author reconstructs his play, as he may perhaps see the advisability of doing, the butler should go. He increases the sum of coincidences beyond the limits of probability, he is really of little service, and is a personage who not only never would be missed, but who is a source of weakness rather than of strength.

Beating about the bush after the manner of some modern French writers for the stage is not an example to be imitated; but Mr. Chambers hastens to state his case in a way that is deficient in tact. Mrs. Seabrook is agitated when she appears in the drawing-room after dinner, and at once makes reference to her son, a child born before her marriage with Mr. Seabrook—before she was married at all, in fact—and sent away, she never knew whither, immediately after its birth by her sister. It is, of course, understood that the son, whom she has never seen since its early infancy, is Wilding; and we are also informed that something in Wilding's manner awakens suspicion. For ourselves, when presently he enters the room, we do not perceive the doubtful bearing. Wilding is easy, agreeable, and well-bred. He is evidently attracted by Mrs. Seabrook's pretty niece, Stella Darbisher, and we very much wish him success in his suit, particularly as her cousin, Harry Seabrook, who also loves her, is not at all an interesting youth. Here, the reader will perceive, is the vital fault of the plot. It is the most elementary rule in all dramatic work, tragedy alone excepted, that a play should tend towards a conclusion which the audience desires to see reached. That is an indispensable condition of success. But what have we here? The child was deserted and cast away by his mother; and for that he wins sympathy. He has broken the law—is, indeed, a robber; but it is expressly stated that he has excellent impulses. Cool and courageous, he has shrunk from the baser crimes, and, in fact, from one point of view, seems to have been influenced as a bushranger by something of the same sentiment as that which guided the Pirates of Penzance. When he rode after and overtook Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Gardiner had 2,000*l.* about him. He would not give it up; Captain Swift could not get it without using his pistol; so he rode away. If people did not surrender their property when asked to do so this bushranger went without. Wilding, however, keenly appreciates the peace and rest of the house in which he finds himself; he repents his ill-spent life, and on the whole we really cannot help wishing him prosperity. If the play were well devised, we should, on the contrary, be longing for his arrest, for the escape of Stella from the fate which threatens her, and for her reconciliation with Harry Seabrook.

The character of Wilding, it will be seen, is not well conceived for dramatic purposes. Mr. Beerbohm Tree makes him far too amiable. It is possibly a temptation to an actor to play a sympathetic part; but if Wilding is made sympathetic the plot goes. Mr. Tree's performance is full of clever touches; indeed he has done nothing of late years that has not been distinguished by tact and intelligence. For such a cool and collected master of his profession as we are told Captain Swift is, however, the actor perhaps a little over-emphasizes the starts and changes of expression when sudden references are made to his exploits or to bushrangers in general. When, in the last act, hunted by the detective and by his vengeful foster-brother, Wilding finds refuge in Gardiner's rooms (where he is kindly welcomed), the change of manner also struck us as unnecessarily pronounced. His bearing in the earlier acts seems more natural. There were excellent points here as elsewhere, nevertheless, one of the best being his direction to Gardiner to make Stella believe that he had never really loved her. The sincerity of his love is manifest as he speaks, and contradicts his utterance, and his motive is a noble and generous one. Lady

Monekton's performance of Mrs. Seabrook was a very able piece of work. Her emotion in the presence of her deserted son, whom she sees for the first time, was true and deep, and her tenderness to her husband, who knows nothing of the dark secret of her early life, had great sincerity. Mr. Kemble's Seabrook was a pleasant study of the kindly old man who never suspects that something akin to a tragedy is working around him. Stella, in the hands of Mrs. Tree, becomes a delightfully winning and graceful girl. Miss Rose Leclercq exhibits with skill the air of a woman of the world whose chief desire it is to avoid unpleasantness and scandal, and whose cynicism is not devoid of humour. Mr. Macklin as the sturdy colonial Gardiner contributed much to the favourable reception which the play obtained, despite its crudities. The younger members of the Seabrook family, as played by Mr. F. Gillmore and Miss Agnes Miller, did not interest us much, we confess, though the gentleman is not without ability. The butler, Marshall, is a very extravagant conception; but Mr. Pateman made it as reasonable as circumstances allowed. Mr. Allan did what was necessary as the detective. The dialogue is rather good than bad; if there is nothing that strikes one very forcibly, there is nothing to call for adverse criticism, and there are decidedly clever points in the play. We cannot speak very favourably of *Captain Swift* as a whole. At the same time, and in spite of the mistakes that have been indicated, we regard it as a very promising work which shows its author to be possessed of dramatic instinct and aptitude.

At the Lyceum Miss Ellen Terry's exquisite acting grows upon one at a re-hearing; but unluckily this result is inverted as to the play, which, for fatuity, pretension, and feebleness, can scarce be matched. Mr. Calmoun has taken an idea worthy of Mme. d'Aulnoy, and by his treatment has rendered it worthy—well, of Mr. Calmoun. Miss Terry's acting is, indeed, like a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear. Mr. Irving's Macaire has gained immensely since his first appearance with the present cast. His version of the swaggering, dandy, murderous, humorous ruffian, is a brilliant creation, and we are reminded of what an accomplished critic, now unhappily gone from among us, said on Mr. Irving's first appearance in the part at a matinee—"It is as good as Frédéric—sometimes better." Since then, however, the actor has added new and good touches. It might be fanciful to suppose that here and there one may find indications of a most amusing travesty of the favourite gestures of a well-known living French comedian.

The revival of the *Mikado*—one of the best, if not the best, of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—will not fail to be a popular movement, especially as the Japanese craze is not yet even on the wane amongst us. Mr. Grossmith's Ko-Ko is as humorous as ever, and the sudden "flop" which, according to his amusing piano-forte sketch, provoked such curiosity as to how it was done, is as sudden. Mr. Temple is still inimitable as the Mikado, Mr. Barrington's "Pooh Bah" is excellent in acting, and his singing might be perfectly true, if he would only raise his voice consistently half a tone all through. Mr. Robertson as "Nanki-Poo" sings delightfully, and, when once he has conquered his self-consciousness, acts up to his part. Miss Brandram as Katisha is perfect. Her style of singing and her free action leave nothing to be desired. It is a pleasure to look at her and hear her, and all one wishes is that she had a wider scope for her powers. Miss Jessie Bond surpasses herself as "Pitti Sing," and makes her spirit of fun felt by her audience. Miss Ulmar as "Yum Yum" is not so satisfactory. Her intonation leaves to seek, and she acts at the audience instead of with her fellow-artists. Altogether, however, the *Mikado* revived is well worth going to see, for those who want to be amused and not harrowed at a theatre.

## THE WAGNER SOCIETY AT PRINCE'S HALL.

AN interesting conversation, with a programme of music, we need not say, chosen from Wagner's works, was given at Prince's Hall last Tuesday, by the Wagner Society. A temporary Society of that name existed, and gave concerts in the years 1873 and '74, with the object of contributing towards the building of the Bayreuth theatre. The scheme was revived in 1884 for the purpose of encouraging in every possible way the knowledge and appreciation of Wagner's works, half the profits now being devoted to the expenses of the performances at Bayreuth. The programme on Tuesday was a very successful one, with one exception—the insertion of the chorus of messengers in *Rienzi* between two scenes of the *Götterdämmerung*. *Rienzi* was one of Wagner's earliest works, written between 1838 and 1840, and hardly shows any sign of the great power of the master. The chorus sounded very feeble and trite next to the *Götterdämmerung*, which is one of his latest and most typical works, only completed in 1874, although we find the sketch of the Siegfried-Tod in 1848. Whatever is said against Wagner, no one can accuse him of hasty and ill-considered work; for, again, in the *Meistersinger* there were twenty-two years between the original idea and the completion of it in 1867. The conversation began with the Spinning Chorus from *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the first work of his of evident promise, written in 1840. It was the outcome of a very unfortunate and disastrous journey between Riga and London, en route to Paris, in which Wagner was much struck by the genuine belief of the sailors in this weird legend. Then followed the first scene of the third act of the *Götterdämmerung* and the final scene, sandwiched, we think, so unfortunately by the *Rienzi* chorus. Two lovely gems for violin and orchestra came next, "Träume,"



a song composed and afterwards arranged for small orchestras by Wagner himself, with a *motif* from *Tristan und Isolde* running all through, and the well-known Siegfried Idyll adapted from his opera *Siegfried*. The evening's entertainment concluded with selections from the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, including the quintett, the "Preislied," and Hans Sachs's two famous monologues so lately heard at the Richter concerts, "Wie duftet doch der Flieder" and "Wahn! Wahn!" the philosophy of which shows so plainly Schopenhauer's influence over Wagner, acquired when in exile at Zürich and dominant all the rest of his life. As to the performance, on the whole, we thought it praiseworthy. We have so lately heard Mlle. Pauline Cramer at a Richter concert in the Brünnhilde scene, it is hardly fair to judge of her on Tuesday. Mr. Armbruster's accompaniments on the piano were excellent, but we miss the orchestra dreadfully, particularly as Mlle. Cramer does not quite know how to moderate her voice to suit her surroundings. Herr Carl Mayer won the palm of singing in the part of Sachs; he has a fine voice thoroughly well trained, and the small orchestra gave a lovely rendering of the "Träume" and Siegfried Idyll, first violin Herr Ludwig. The choruses were satisfactory, but again orchestral accompaniment was sadly wanted. No composer suffers more than Wagner by an imperfect performance of his works, his whole theory being based on a complete *tout ensemble*. As an example of his care of every detail, he generally writes parts for at least four individual wood-wind instruments, instead of depending for a complete chord on the combination of several different kinds—i.e. flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons—thus making possible an infinite variety of tone and timbre. We cannot help also thinking it a great mistake, and giving a most inadequate idea of his works and genius, to render excerpts of his operas with neither scenic effect, dramatic action, or orchestra. Wagner's whole life ought to be known before a hasty judgment is pronounced of either him or his works. It was a series of almost uninterrupted misfortunes up to 1864, when the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., even before his mind became quite unbinged on the subject, took him up so nobly and generously. The episode in Wagner's life of the Revolution of 1849 has been grossly exaggerated, like many other facts about him. His principal object then and always, attempted, it is true, by sadly mistaken methods, was the regeneration and freedom of art.

#### MULTUM IN PARVO.

[A pleasant interlude in the business proceedings of the General Conference on Foreign Missions was the holding of a garden party at Dollis Hill, the residence of the Earl of Aberdeen. . . . There were loud cries for a speech from Mr. Gladstone; but the right hon. gentleman declined to accede to the request, despite an urgent appeal to "Say only five words." Mr. Gladstone, however, made amends by standing on the lawn a considerable time, vigorously shaking the hands of hundreds of visitors who pressed forward.]

"ONLY five words." A modest prayer!

If that would have contented,  
You, with so many words to spare,  
Might surely have assented.

"Good afternoon, my Christian friends,"

Or "Glad his Lordship asked you,"

Or "Aye a cheering message sends,"

Would have but lightly tasked you.

You might have found five words to say

On weather, one supposes,

As "Such a lovely summer day!"

Or "What a June for roses!"

Or, in a somewhat graver strain,

"Good speed to foreign missions!"

Or "Have you seen"—in lighter vein

Of talk—"the Exhibitions?"

It may be that you scorned the phrase

Of light colloquial prattle,

And wished in your five words to raise

Some party cry of battle.

Yet, if you thought the admiring crowd

Were all of your persuasion,

Why grasped you not the chance allowed?

Why seized you not the occasion?

When Dr. Taylor from the States,

In homage quite romantic,

Declared your welcome compensates

A voyage across the Atlantic,

Why did you not the presence hail

Of that distinguished meeting,

To give your friends the Clan-na-Gael

Five words of friendly greeting?

"Three cheers for P-t-r-ck F-r-d" would do,

And suit that purpose nicely;

"More power to Eg-n's elbow!" too

Would put the case concisely.

But why five words? When, if you turn  
Your whole attention to it,  
And breathe your soul in words that burn,  
We know that *five* will do it.

Two words sufficed, your country saw,  
So rich your tongue's resources,  
To hound the enemies of law  
Against its scattered forces.

Two words sufficed, with no pretence  
Themselves to force or beauty,  
To nerve the arm of Violence,  
And chill the heart of Duty;

To trip the feet that trod the road  
To Order, scarce yet steady;  
To fire the savage blood that glowed  
For its revenge already.

And if that pair of words well-known  
Were for such offspring married,  
If your "*Remember Mitchellstown!*"  
Such deadly meaning carried,

Who knows—unless the other three  
Were merely useless lumber—  
What potent issues we might see  
From more than twice their number?

## REVIEWS.

### THE LONG WHITE MOUNTAIN.\*

MR. JAMES seems to have inherited somewhat of the spirit of those chroniclers of the middle ages who thought it necessary to begin every historical record with the Flood. The account of his "journey in Manchuria" occupies only a small portion of his massive volume; the remainder he has filled with a history of the country and its inhabitants since the time that the Manchus took shape as a nation, as well as with a sketch of the present Manchu dynasty of China. This is much as if a Chinese traveller in Scotland were to preface his narrative by an account of the history of Great Britain since the union of the two crowns. But Mr. James considers that the fact that "from a valley on the outskirts of the Long White Mountains there sprang a petty Tartan chieftain nearly three hundred years ago who challenged the power of China, and whose sons, after a determined struggle, conquered the Celestial Empire and placed on the throne the present dynasty," is sufficiently astounding to justify a full relation of the events which led up to and followed it. But surely this is an incident of a kind with which we are familiar not only in Oriental, but also in European history. The hardy inhabitants of Northern inhospitable climes have always found in the plains of the sunny South irresistible attractions and scenes of easy conquest. The invasions into Southern Europe of the Goths and into India of the Aryans have found their counterparts over and over again in Chinese history. Ever since the time that She Hwangte found it necessary to build the great wall to defend himself against the encroachment of the Huns, wave after wave of invasion has swept over the country from the North, sometimes led by Mongolian, sometimes by Turkish, and sometimes by Manchurian chieftains. The advent to power, therefore, of the present dynasty was but one of a long series of similar episodes.

The complete control eventually gained by the invaders over the people of the conquered country harmonizes also with the past history of the Chinese. With them there is no such thing as personal loyalty to a sovereign. They are content to know nothing of him who reigns over them, and are ready to yield implicit obedience to the throne in the abstract so long as peace and plenty are secured to them.

But, though we cannot agree with Mr. James in regarding the historical portion of his work as called for, we are ready to admit that he has succeeded in making it very readable, and that there is much in it which will be both new and interesting to most of his readers. But, as we have no desire to imitate Mr. James's prefatorial voluminousness, we will pass on at once to the account of his journey.

In company with Lieutenant Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, he determined to spend a portion of a long Indian leave in travelling in Manchuria, and, in pursuance of this intention, he landed at Yingtzü, the port of Newchwang, in May 1886. Here, fortunately for the travellers, they met Mr. Fulford, of the China Consular Service, who agreed to accompany them, and whose knowledge of Chinese was of inestimable advantage to them throughout their journey. At Yingtzü they stayed just long enough to provide themselves with six carts and the requisite servants, and then struck northwards into the almost unknown regions of Manchuria. On the subject of this name Mr. James makes the not very profound remark that it is "unknown to the

\* *The Long White Mountain; or, a Journey in Manchuria.* By H. E. M. James. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

Chinese, having, as far as I can ascertain," he adds, "been coined by French geographers." It would have been indeed strange to have found a Latinized name in use among the Chinese, with whom we should as soon have expected to find the name of Confucius domiciled as that of Manchuria. Mr. James is an Indian civilian, and we should have thought the analogies suggested by the names Arabia, Persia, India, &c., would have at once occurred to him when he set about trying to ascertain something about the name Manchuria. As a matter of fact, the country called by us Manchuria was originally known to the Chinese as Subshên. This name subsequently became Chushên, and was changed by Nurhachu, the founder of the present Chinese Imperial line, to Manchu, meaning Pure. By a mistake of Chinese scribes, the second syllable was converted into "chow," a word which means "a territory," and hence the designation of Manchow, which is now commonly applied to the country.

From Yingtzu the travellers went direct to Mukden, the capital—a fine city, with splendid walls forming a square about a mile long each way. Like every sign of civilization in Manchuria, Mukden dates its existence from the rise to power of Nurhachu at the end of the sixteenth century. The city was founded by him, and it was within its walls that he exchanged his travelling-pack for a chieftain's robe. In the archives of the city are still preserved the boots which he wore and the pack which he carried in his struggling days; and, in striking contrast to these evidences of his early poverty, stands outside the wall the imperial mausoleum which holds his ashes, and which is surrounded with every emblem of sovereignty. The temple which serves as the ante-chamber to the tomb is roofed with yellow imperial tiles; the principal gateway is flanked on either side by bas-reliefs in green majolica, representing imperial five-clawed dragons; while huge stone lions guard the sacred portal. Besides these relics of the nation's hero there is not much that is worth seeing in Mukden, and after a few days' rest, therefore, the travellers started for the grand object of their journey, the Long White Mountains, which lie nearly due east from Mukden, at a distance by road of about four hundred and fifty miles. It must be understood that here, as in a great part of Manchuria, the word "road" is not to be regarded as a strictly descriptive term. "Track," or "pathway," would more nearly define the kind of "road" the travellers traversed; but the sight of the Long White Mountains, the fabled cradle of the Manchu race, and the scene of the miraculous birth of Nurhachu, made them forget the miseries of their travel, including even the horrors of the wayside inns and the tortures endured from the myriads of gaddies which haunt the Manchurian forests.

Legend has always affirmed that embosomed on the summit of the highest mountain of the range is an azure lake of unfathomable depth, where Olympian goddesses are wont to lave their limbs. Here on one occasion, so runs the story, three nymphs were disporting themselves when a passing magpie dropped a fine ripe fruit into the embrace of the one named Fokolon. Unconscious of the nature of the gift, the goddess ate the fruit, by virtue of which she became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a boy of godlike appearance and heaven-born attributes. Like so many infants renowned in Oriental and classical histories, this youthful prodigy was cast adrift in a canoe on a neighbouring river. In accordance with precedent, also, he so impressed the people of the district where his barque touched shore that they adopted him as their ruler.

So far as the existence of the lake and the beauty of the colour of its water are concerned, Mr. James, who with his companions are the only Europeans who have ever invaded the precincts of the sacred pool, fully bears out the legend. A further object which Mr. James had in view in visiting Manchuria was to ascend a range of snowy peaks, ten to twelve thousand feet high, which map-makers have, with that persistency in error which is one of their characteristics, always laid down in the neighbourhood of the Ch'angpai shan. But a careful survey of the surrounding country revealed to him the fact that this range which "lifts its head and lies" on almost every map of Manchuria, including one issued not very long ago by the Royal Geographical Society, is non-existent. But, apart from the Long White Mountain, there is little of geographical interest in Manchuria, nor did Mr. James meet with any archaeological remains worthy of remark. In fact, Manchuria is mainly, if not entirely, interesting in a political sense. It forms one of the buffers between Russia and China, and may very possibly at some future time be the Belgium of Eastern Asia. We should have been glad, therefore, to have heard something more than Mr. James is able to tell us of the military dispositions which the Chinese are making for the defence of the frontier. Of the arsenal at Kirin he speaks in high praise. "It was very interesting," he writes, "to see a large establishment filled with foreign machinery, some German and some English, with boilers and engines, and steam-hammers, just as one might see at Woolwich or Elswick, all erected and managed by Chinese without foreign assistance of any kind." And it is satisfactory to know that "the Chinese verdict on English compared with German machinery was that the latter worked more quickly and did delicate work better, but the English was more solid, and could always be depended on for accuracy."

Both at Kirin and elsewhere the Chinese appeared to be fully alive to the strategical importance of Manchuria—far more so, indeed, than the representatives of the European Powers at Peking, who have not troubled themselves to acquire any accurate and scientific knowledge either of the geography of the

country or of the military position of the province. Considering the immense European and especially English interests which are at stake in China and the Far East, it is passing strange that our legation at Peking should be left without a military attaché, and that we should be dependent on news filtered through Russia, or on long-delayed announcements in the *Peking Gazette*, for information on movements which might at any moment seriously affect our commerce.

On the two subjects which Prince Kung once sententiously pointed out as being injurious to our interests in China—namely, opium and missionaries—Mr. James has much to say; and his opinion, as being that of an Indian official whose attention had already been necessarily directed to them, is of value. On the subject of opium he does not share the views of the Anti-Opium Society. Indeed, he regards it as "one of God's good gifts," to be enjoyed like wine and tobacco, and contrasts the effect of dram-drinking with that of opium-smoking, very much to the disadvantage of drink. "Half a dozen streets in London," he considers, "contain far more bleary-eyed, sodden cumberers of the earth, men made originally in God's image, than the streets of all the towns in Manchuria." This comparison, as Mr. James would probably be the first to admit, is rather rhetorical than convincing, and its effect is partly destroyed by his statement that "the passion for it [opium-smoking] seems to exceed even the craving for drink. In the case of the rich, who can afford to buy it," he adds, "it is only the individual that suffers; but when a poor man is the victim, he will sell house, home, lands, and cattle, even wife and children, to gratify his appetite, and every winter unhappy wretches are found frozen to death, who have parted with their very garments to satisfy their craving. . . . No one would willingly allow a young man in whom he took an interest to begin it if he had sufficient influence to prevent him." In reading this, one would imagine that he was speaking rather of a present out of Pandora's box than of "one of God's good gifts."

On the subject of missionaries Mr. James's views are wise and temperate, and if among the zealous supporters of the different Christian creeds and sects in China there were more men like him, Prince Kung might withdraw his ban, and the missionary-protecting gunboats might be laid up in ordinary.

#### GEOMETRICAL TEACHING.\*

SINCE an Association was formed, some fifteen years ago, for the improvement of geometrical teaching we have had frequent occasion to note the appearance of good text-books, and, therefore, infer some corresponding advances in the methods of instruction. The Germans, however, had preceded us in this new development of geometrical teaching, and we adhere to the opinion already expressed that, if the older system, as exemplified by Euclid and Legendre, must be superseded, then an English adaptation of such elementary works as the "Planimetrie" and the "Stereometrie" of Dr. Hermann Schumann would probably better serve the interests of the Association than their own Syllabus. Another recent extension has been in a direction which the orthodox geometer seems fated to ignore—the use of graphic methods, the actual details of the construction or delineation of curves from given data, so as to exhibit truly their nature and properties, and in certain cases give practical as well as mathematical solutions of engineering and other problems. In reading the geometry of Conics, for example, what beginner has not writhed over the false perspective under which the sections are frequently shown? the only satisfactory way, till the Quaternions of Hamilton be adopted, being to refer any solid under discussion to two rectangular planes. The ability to combine a plan with the corresponding elevation once attained, there is no difficulty in exactly setting forth on the plane of the paper any point or line on the surface of the solid.

Some years ago Professor Tait, in reviewing the two works written by Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, which he qualified as "only to be compared with such books as the *Principia* of Newton and the *Mécanique Céleste* of Lagrange," pointed out that, in developing his new method of mathematics, the inventor of Quaternions found himself compelled to fall back upon the Newtonian fluxions and reject the calculus of Leibnitz. This may be bracketed with the fact that some of the most able recent works on the Differential of Functions are formally and logically founded on the "method of Rates or Fluxions," distinctly a revived departure, returning to the employment of Newton's conception in order to avoid the use of infinite series which is necessarily involved in Lagrange's derived functions.

The *Geometry in Space* of Mr. Nixon, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast, has recalled the Quaternion calculus, which was really an extension of the geometrical method of Des Cartes without the artifice of co-ordinate axes. Mr. Nixon, however, introduces no new method, but in continuation of his former works now presents us with an excellent text-book of Solid Geometry under the above rather inadequate title. Surely all geometry has to do with space, whether the subject under consideration have three dimensions, or less than three. The work is founded professedly on Euclid's Eleventh and Twelfth Books, but none of the propositions of the latter are set forth, though nearly all those of the former appear.

\* *Geometry in Space*. By R. C. J. Nixon. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.



Four-fifths of the book consist of original or compiled matter, which amply compensate for that omission, and constitute a comprehensive and thoroughly methodic course of instruction in polyhedra and solids of revolution, followed by a well-written chapter on the perspective of solids. In the third chapter we note the theorems of Guldinus proved, and discussion of surface spherics, with some interesting extensions of the modern plane geometry, such as centres and axes of similitude, radical planes and centres, poles and polar planes. The proofs throughout are models for condensation and clear arrangement, assisted by diagrams which are in all respects almost perfect. Exception might be taken to the definition on page 46, since the lateral faces cannot be formed by the lines joining the corners. A valuable feature of this book is the choice of exercises; those on the chapter on polyhedra, for example, leading up to a most interesting set of properties of an orthogonal tetrahedron, analogous to a well-known group in plane geometry. The nine-point-circle (also called "medioscribed" by Dr. Mackay) of a triangle now becomes the twelve-point-sphere of the tetrahedron. The radius of the twelve-point-sphere is one-third that of the circum-sphere, and (to quote one of many other properties) the twelve-point-sphere, the circum-sphere, and the sphere whose surface passes through the six mid points of the edges, all have a common radical plane.

Mr. Nixon offers a good example to many recent writers by appending to his book a comprehensive index, and giving the reader hints here and there as to the source of valuable theorems and generalizations. Such "historical notes," as Dr. J. S. Mackay terms them in his edition of Euclid, are of great interest to every mathematician, because "the names of those who have extended the boundaries of science should not be unknown to those who inherit the results of their labour."

#### "SILLY SUFFOLK."

DR. EMERSON has once again been studying man and nature through the medium of his camera, and has published the record of his experience in another goodly volume—*Pictures of East Anglian Life* the highly respectable name of it. The great fault of the book is that, being full of text, it is too large to read with comfort or advantage. It is the type of volume which has no real existence apart from a reading-desk, and is best described as "a portfolio in disguise." Ourselves have struggled with it, and not been vanquished; but the grapple was of necessity close and deadly, and a result of it has been to induce in us a certain regard of unfriendliness to the author. It is impossible, indeed, to do oneself justice both as a writer and a photographer on a large scale in the confines of one and the same pair of boards. The photographer is safe enough, but the writer must inevitably suffer. The reader, fatigued by wrestling with unwieldiness, is apt to grow capricious, and to think worse of such faults as he may light upon in the course of his long and toilsome endeavour than, it may be, they deserve. Perhaps it is for this reason, and perhaps it is for another; but it is, at any rate, certain that Dr. Emerson's style produces an impression of being both slovenly and inexpressive, while his arguments and conclusions get to sound suspiciously like special pleadings. His attitude is not at all unlike that of Canning's Friend of Humanity. "Did some rich man," one seems to hear him saying, "tyrannically use you?"—

Was it the squire, or parson of the parish?  
Or the attorney?

He cares nothing for the parson, and as little for the squire. He japes upon them with his own japes and with the japes of others; he loves to contrast their condition with that of his friends and authorities, the long-shore man and the farm-labourer; he goes the length (we are afraid) of rejoicing when they are taken in, and of regarding the greedy hypocrisy of his authorities and friends aforesaid with a certain pride. And the odd thing is that his picture of the particular set of peasantry which he has made it his business to study for the nonce is as unflattering and unpleasant as has ever been painted. In "Silly Suffolk" has he learned his lore; and, if his hypotheses be sound, the enthusiasm which he professes for the denizens of that pleasant county is the least explicable of mysteries we know.

The peasantry with whom Dr. Emerson is immediately concerned are those round about Southwold. He is careful to note that his observations apply to no other district, and to remark upon the curious and inherent differences presented by the inhabitants of contiguous parishes. He starts with the admission that the Southwold man is either abusive and dishonest or honest and civil at will, and in proportion as he thinks he will be the gainer. Should it occur to him that he will profit by being a rascal and a brute, then a brute and a rascal he is; while he has but to opine that honesty is a better policy, to put his theory into practice with all imaginable frankness and politeness. The admission is a great deal for a professed and resolute sympathizer to make; and it is characteristic of Dr. Emerson that he forgets, a couple of pages further on, that he has made it, and proceeds to describe the *petite bourgeoisie* of Suffolk as "the most despicable class in the county," so much as, "having all the bad qualities of the peasantry, they are in addition mean-

spirited toadies and grovellers for the sake of filthy lucre." The difference between these miserable wretches and the free and independent characters whose "object is, as a rule, to do or say exactly what will be most to their own advantage," whose life is spent in "besting" or being "bested" by each other, and who can put off the habit of frankness and honest dealing for one of cunning and double-dealing at a moment's notice, is too subtle, as it appears to us, to be apprehended of the unfanatical mind. "The ruling passion of the peasantry," confesses our author, "is avarice"; their "envy towards each other is intense, and they jealously avoid imparting information to one another"; they "would rather see a horse kill a man than tell him how to manage it." They are perfect in the art of simulating poverty, and will ask and take any amount of alms so long as they are allowed to call it "largesse." In bearing witness they are careful to give according as they have received; for "if previously bought over, they cunningly frame their answers according to instructions," while they "refuse to speak at all until paid to do so." They are careful of their persons, and would rather scold, than fight out, a quarrel. They are "not servile," but, for all that, "their outward respect for the local squirearchy" is such as to fairly "disgust," not only the gipsies in general, but "many a travelling showman"—the travelling showman being, it appears, together with the gipsy, "the great disseminator of Radical doctrines." For the rest, they are hideously cruel to birds and animals and each other; they are greatly addicted to brag and tittle-tattle; they have no objection to a little gambling; they are by no means averse from the consumption of liquor; they are poachers as often as they dare; they despise the Establishment; they are superstitious to the last degree; they are respectful of Dissent, and exist but to swindle the "parson" and the squire; they hate and despise the farmer class; they are fast turning from Blue (the true blue of Toryism) to a consistent Yellow (the yellow of the hopeful and esurient Radical); they aspire—as to a kind of millennium—to the "nationalization" of everything, and cherish as an ideal the advent of a time when the Commune will be society, and everybody will be helped by everybody else, and the aged and infirm will be kicked out into solitude to expire as best they can, and so relieve the body politic of the care of tending and supporting them. Dr. Emerson, when he comes to think seriously of their condition, is, to speak soothly, a little depressed about it. He seems, however, to think that their regeneration is possible, and in his mind's eye he has a vision of its achievement at the hands of a corps of noble, but self-conscious, "Bohemians," who shall live among them, and persuade them of their duties, and teach them to prefer the publications of the Kyrle Society to the wares of the travelling hawk, and the "sweet reasonableness" of the good Radical voter to the servile dissembling of the man accustomed to swindle the "parson" and bow down (while there is anything to be made by it) before the local squire. But Dr. Emerson is a little vague in his ideals as he is a trifle loose in his statements, and to the average mind the practices and influences of his "Bohemians" are, on the face of them, no more than visions and dreams of the night. What is certain is that, having convicted his peasants of every sort of meanness of which the human composition is capable, he has added a new terror to experience by darkly hinting at the existence in Suffolk of a worse lot still; even the great body of "farmers and *petits bourgeois*"—or, in other words, "the most despicable class in the county." It is a pity that he gives no facts in proof of this latter theory. We have seen the worth of his demonstration of the merits and the general "interestingness" of one particular class. One would not be sorry to ponder the results of his impeachment of another. If we add that he has "defended" the fisherfolk of his district in the same terms and to the same purpose as the peasants, we shall probably have said enough.

After all, however, the main interest of his book lies, not so much in his presentment of the many virtues of the Suffolk peasant and the claims to imperial influence of the Suffolk "beach-comber," as in the pictures which, his good camera aiding, and a profound contempt for the miserable wretches who presume to "arrange" and attempt the "improvement" of nature guiding, he has produced for our special enlightenment. It should be noted in this connexion that he prefers Crome to Constable, and is of opinion that, being deficient in "tone," the pictures of the latter artist are generally lacking in "atmosphere"; and it should be added that, being familiar with the works of J. F. Millet—or, at all events, with such of them as are reproduced in Sensier's "admirable life" of that great man—he has sought, as we imagine, to "compose" his photographs of East Anglian life so as to suggest the presence of a certain "Millet quality" in their originals. Now and then, as in "A Stiff Pull" and "In the Barley Harvest," both capital subjects capitally treated, he has been successful enough to make us wish that Millet had painted in Suffolk instead of at and about Chailly-en-Bière. In another plate, "The Farm by the Broad," he contrives to give us something of the effect of (as it were) the raw material of a Corot. In "A Suffolk Shrimper 'Going Out'" and "A Suffolk Shrimper 'Coming Ashore'" he reminds us a little of Mesdag; in other plates—flat, airless, valueless—of the followers of Bastien-Lepage. This is as much as to say that, if he were a painter, he would not have published his photographs, but would have tried to convert them into pictures. As he is not a painter, he appears to cling to the delusion that art is a representation of nature, and that a photograph, which tells everything seen by the camera, is, *ipso facto*, superior to a picture, which only tells

\* *Pictures of East Anglian Life*. By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

what the painter has chosen to see and represent. From his own point of view the result is scarce, perhaps, so exalting and imposing as he might have wished. From that of his readers it is extremely interesting. Art is one thing, of course, and photography is another; and these photographs of Dr. Emerson's are a good deal less like art—though, as we have seen, they are not lacking in suggestions of it—than some others we have seen. But they show what the camera perceived with excellent explicitness; they are so much nature taken in the fact—so many documents in illustration of Suffolk scenery and the Suffolk character; and as such they will (no doubt) be welcome to a great number of persons to whom their correlatives in art would be merely insignificant.

#### AN ASSIZE IN LOWER BENGAL.\*

**A**RCHDEACONS who dabble in the levying of the Excise in India, and omniscient members of Parliament who weep over the Salt-tax or pass judgment on the procedure of Indian tribunals, very soon get out of their depth. It is perfectly correct to say that the decision of statesmen who have had no previous Oriental training may turn out perfectly sound on what are termed Imperial questions in India, China, and the East. But such men consult experts, by whom they are admirably aided, and they make up their minds cautiously, constructing a policy out of a mass of conflicting opinions and evidence. The clerical and the Parliamentary censor, on the other hand, may completely miss the significance of the ordinary proceedings in any revenue or judicial tribunal, and may distil acidity out of sweetness and get darkness out of light. We draw these conclusions from the following analysis of a trial at a Bengal Sessions, which, with imperturbable gravity, the publisher or editor terms "a Romance of Criminal Administration." The reader might imagine that he was about to hear some deliciously prurient revelations about the mysteries of the Zenana, the woes of Begums, the revenge of angry lovers, the rise and fall of favourites, and the domestic lives of Eastern kings. The story, on the contrary, is one of the most prosaic kind. It is an account of the death of a young girl in a quiet village in one of the most populous districts of Lower Bengal, of an inquiry by the police, of two trials at the Sessions Court, with a reference to the High Court between the first and the last trial, and of the ultimate acquittal of the accused. But though curious and interesting, we draw from it conclusions rather different from those drawn by the member for Aberdeen.

A certain Mohammedan named Muluk Chand was *Chaukidar* or watchman in the village of Bhulat, in the subdivision of Bongong, more correctly Bangrim, in the well-known district of Nadiya. This man had a wife and two daughters. One morning in March 1882 the eldest, Nekjan, or the "Good Life," was found dead at a little distance from the pallet or bed on which she had been sleeping, near her father and her sister Golak Mani. The villagers were soon aroused; the police were informed; an incised wound was discovered of a triangular form in the "epigastric region," as the post-mortem report puts it; and while it was stated that the deceased had died from the bite of a snake, this story was disbelieved, and the father was eventually committed to stand his trial at the Sessions Court for the murder of his own daughter. The trial was held before a jury, charged in the usual way by the judge, the late Mr. Perceval D. Dickens. The chief witness against the prisoner was his surviving daughter, Golak. This girl, aged seven years, deposed that awaking just as it was getting light, she then saw her father with his foot on her sister's throat, striking her on the body with a spear. A functionary, who in one place is called the native doctor and in another the assistant at the Hospital of Bongong, deposed to the effect that he had examined the corpse, that he did not think that the child had been strangled, that the wound in the stomach was such as might have been caused by a spear produced in court, and that it was sufficient to cause death. The wife of the prisoner, who, it seems, had gone on the previous evening by her husband's direction to get some funds required for a certain litigation, gave evidence that, on her return the next morning, she found one daughter dead and her husband and the surviving child in tears, and that she taxed the prisoner with the murder. The evidence of neighbours and policemen as to this state of things was much to the same effect. The Civil Surgeon of the station of Kishnagar, who had never seen the corpse, stated that, from the report of his subordinate the native doctor, the child seemed to have been killed either by suffocation or by the shock occasioned by the spear wound. The prisoner himself, who, under the Criminal Procedure Code, was very properly examined both by the Magistrate and by the Sessions Judge, protested his innocence, and added that towards the morning of the night in question he had gone out to look after his garden of onions, that on his return he found his daughter lying dead, and that he suspected no one, though he had a quarrel with two other neighbours, Mohammedans like himself. The judge reviewed the whole evidence, certainly pointed out a motive for the crime in the suggestion that the prisoner murdered his own daughter in order to have grounds for getting his adversary into trouble, but added

that the motive was slight; and then, laying stress on the evidence of the only eye-witness to the fact, the little girl aged seven, on the behaviour of the prisoner as hardly consistent with innocence, on the improbability of the story of the snake-bite, and on the weakness of the defence, evidently charged for a conviction. The jury unanimously found the prisoner guilty. Under the Anglo-Indian system all capital sentences passed at Sessions by District Judges are referred to the High Court of the various Presidencies for confirmation; and here the omniscience of the M.P. is unhappily at fault. He talks of the High Court as sitting "in appeal" in this case, and contrasts the criminal procedure of India with that of our English law courts, much to the discredit of the latter. Now, as we have just said, the decision of the Sessions Court was referred by the presiding officer *proprio motu* to the High Court, and was not appealed against at all. By the Indian Code two judges of the High Court are always required to confirm any sentence of death passed by any Sessions Court. The whole file of papers is at once sent up to the Registrar, who lays it before a Divisional Court. That court retries the whole case, as it were, on the record from beginning to end; counsel can be heard on both sides; and the prisoner is either sentenced to death or acquitted. On this occasion the prisoner's counsel was Baboo Man Mohan Ghose, a native gentleman of whom we have heard much in other quarters, and who, we are bound to say, brought out the facts in favour of the innocence of his client very forcibly and well. Of the presiding judges, one was a Barrister and the other a Civilian judge. It was shown to them that the evidence of the child-witness was possibly tutored or manifestly unreliable; that the wound must have been clumsily inflicted by the spear after death, in order to give colour to the story of the snake; that there was no adequate motive, nor indeed any motive at all, for a father to commit such a horrible crime; that in the charge to the jury some points had been unduly pressed and others disregarded; that alternative theories of the death were not duly propounded; that contradictions were glossed over; and that the main question whether any murder at all had been committed was really not present to the mind of the judge, and was not fairly laid before the jury. The Barrister-judge of the High Court, we remark, at first fell into the error of assuming that, because the evidence for the prosecution was not rebutted or was not subjected to a sharp cross-examination, therefore it could be disregarded. Now every Anglo-Indian official at all conversant with criminal or civil suits always asks himself, not whether such a one's evidence has been upset or analysed, but whether *per se* it is to be trusted at all. Cross-examination is a science of which most native advocates in the Courts of First Instance are entirely ignorant; and we recollect a very eminent and successful advocate at the close of his long Indian career saying that he should like to begin it again in the lowest Courts of the country, so that he might show Vakils and Mukhtars—native advocates and attorneys—how to cross-examine reluctant or eager witnesses. However, the High Court dealt with the whole case satisfactorily. Instead of getting the Government to depute a special judge to retry the case at Nadiya, they ordered it to be tried at Alipore, close to Calcutta, the prisoner and witnesses being brought there—some sixty miles—by rail. It is not necessary to go at length into the second trial, as the new judge did. The witnesses were re-examined at greater length and to far greater purpose. It was shown that the police had been so impressed with the story of the snake-bite that they had dug up the floor of the house to see if they could find any such reptile, though this significant fact had been kept out of the first trial. Divers discrepancies and contradictions were noticed. Baboo Man Mohan Ghose appeared again, made a very good speech for his client, and proved incontestably, to our thinking, that the child Golak had been tutored up to the very hilt. The District Judge, Mr. A. C. Brett, summed up dispassionately; made mincemeat of the deposition of the constable; pointed out that there were grounds for thinking that the wife might have wished to get rid of her husband; and that in a mysterious case, where the actual cause of death was uncertain, it would not be right to convict. The jury at once acquitted the prisoner; and we have no doubt that they were perfectly right. The error at the first Sessions was that the judge did not ask the jury to consider whether there were good grounds for thinking that any murder had been committed. When a corpse is brought into the Station this is the first question asked by every expert police officer before he casts about to find any perpetrator of an alleged crime.

Mr. Hunter by his preface seems to have made some wonderful discoveries. He has been forced to the conclusion that in Bengal the police may still be corrupt; that children can be tutored, by threats or by the promise of sweetmeats, to swear away the lives of their parents; and that witnesses generally may be quite ready to commit perjury. With the easy confidence which has enabled agitators to lay down the law in regard to public meetings in Trafalgar Square, he finds fault with the Indian Evidence Act, passed when Mr. Justice Stephen was Legal Member of the Viceroyal Council. He objects to a provision in that Statute which allows any former statement made by a witness relating to a fact at or about the time when the fact took place, or before any authority legally competent to investigate the same fact, to be given in evidence. This, he says, gives "an enormous scope to perjury," and enables the prosecution to multiply witnesses. Very likely it goes beyond the English rule; but its object was, and is, to prevent perjury, and to enable the Indian judge to detect it. The said statement, previously made, must refer to the same fact

\* *The Trial of Muluk Chand for the Murder of his own Child: a Romance of Criminal Administration in Bengal.* With an Introduction by W. A. Hunter, LL.D., M.P. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.



to which the witness on oath is deposing. It shows whether the witness has always told the same tale. It may corroborate or it may invalidate his sworn testimony. And it is made legal evidence because a first statement is less likely to have been tutored, because it is probably spontaneous, because it is more likely to be true than subsequent disclosures. At any rate it shows how the witness from the first dealt with the facts. Next, with curious inconsistency, Mr. Hunter finds fault with the Sessions Judge for not sending for the Police Diaries, as by the Criminal Procedure Code, revised and enacted as Act X. of 1882, he was empowered to do. These Diaries, by this last law, may be used in Court, not as evidence in the case, but to aid it in the trial. They may be of use for the police officer who wrote them, in order to refresh his memory; or for the Court itself, in order to test and confute the policeman. At any rate, all these departures from our own practice have the sanction of experts, who know that the best way of getting at the truth is to find out, under certain safeguards, what was done or said out of Court, and not merely to rely on smooth-spoken and plausible witnesses in it. Mr. Hunter appears to think that, if the late Mr. Dickens had admitted something and excluded something else, he would have discovered the perjury. By the way, there is no such crime as perjury known to the Indian Code. It is there defined as "giving false evidence." But, in truth, the first miscarriage was simply due to the fact that the judge summed up against the accused as a murderer, without satisfying himself and the jury that anybody had been murdered.

One plausible explanation of the death is that the little girl died from snake-bite, and that the father, being aware that some neighbours would only be too glad to charge him with a capital or any other offence, foolishly made a wound in the child's stomach, so as to give it the appearance of a bite. We cannot say that the native doctor showed much quickness of apprehension or that his observations are very pertinent. But a better explanation is given by the counsel for the defence, who, after the acquittal, elicited from the prisoner the following confession. He was awoke by a noise which he attributed to a strange bull that had been in the habit of eating his vegetables. He got up and hurled a heavy piece of wood in the direction of the noise, and then found, to his horror, that he had unwittingly killed his own daughter. On this supposition or the alternative of the snake everything becomes intelligible; and indeed the trial, so far from being romantic, is a dull matter-of-fact, such as has come and will come again scores of times under the cognizance of Magistrates and Judges all over Bengal.

The whole record, if to an M.P. it suggests doubts on the admissibility of evidence and sneers at the Home Secretary, is to us a wonderful photograph of the judicial system in Bengal. The very names of the parties involved, their habits, the report to the police, the arrival of the constable followed by the Inspector, the rapid decomposition of the corpse, the trepidation and confusion of the unhappy father, the testimony of the little girl so cleverly concocted as to deceive a judge and jury, are each and all eminently suggestive. Other points forcibly illustrate domestic and village life. Sir William Hunter, not the M.P. of that name, has just shown that in Bengal Proper—that is, in the districts where the Bengali and not the Urdu language is spoken—there are some eighteen millions of Mussulmans to seventeen millions of Hindus. Many of the former have adopted, or more likely have retained, Hindu phraseology, and are divided into castes. Golak, the name of the surviving daughter, is pure Sanskrit; and Mussulmans often bear the names of Madhu and Gopal, all derived from the same classical language. Not long ago, and in some tracts to this day, the Mohammedans of Bengal might have been correctly described as "something little better than a mongrel breed of circumcised, low-caste Hindus." The notion of the father, Muluk Chand, that a stray bull was eating his crop, suggests another well-known incident of village life. A pious Hindu in fulfilment of a vow buys and lets loose on society a bull, in the name of religion. In Benares these animals are positive pests from their numbers and obtrusiveness. In Bengal they roam in much fewer numbers over the whole country, devour impartially the crops of men of all creeds, and when they penetrate the recesses of purely Mohammedan villages, never emerge again but are speedily converted into beefsteaks. The progress of enlightenment amongst Hindus is illustrated by the dissection of a corpse by a native medical officer, by caste a Brahman. Fifty years ago to deal with a dead body in this way was pollution to a high-caste Hindu; and when a student of the Medical College in Calcutta, some time during the administration of Lord Auckland, was the first to boldly dissect a dead body in the presence of Englishmen and natives, the orthodox Hindus fled in horror and thought that the world was coming to an end. The suggestion of the snake reminds us of the thousands of deaths which annually all over India are said to have been caused by reptiles and wild beasts. But tigers and buffaloes and even wild boars have long ceased to infest villages in Nadiya. Snakes, and now and then drowning, are the only resources left to those who wish to hush up inquiries into awkward and mysterious deaths. The bed of onions which the father went out to visit reminds us of the favourite vegetable of Mussulmans; and the *Kachu* plant, in which a knife produced in court was discovered and which is described in a foot-note as the *Arum colocasia*, is a large-leaved plant of which the tuber is eaten, very much resembling our rhubarb in appearance. The native term, translated "cow-path," is, we apprehend, the *Bhangar*, or *go-path*. It is a strip of land such as may be seen on the edge of all villages, on which the

community tether their cows before the cutting of the harvest allows cattle to roam at will over the plain. It is probably a survival of the joint tenancy of village communities, now practically extinct in Bengal. The assertion of the prisoner that the police pierced his nails with the thorns of the date-tree, may or may not be true. But it shows a lingering belief in the old story that policemen do resort to torture in order to extract confessions; while the laxity of the investigation by members of that body, and the whole complexion of the case, are tolerably good proofs that the inhabitants of one of the most populous and civilized districts near the metropolis ought still to be subjected to strict English supervision, and are not quite fitted for the glorious privilege of Self-government. But after these admissions we have nothing but commendation to bestow on the action of the High Court of Calcutta. That with much inconvenience to the accused his innocence was established and a judicial murder prevented, is due in part to the native advocate, but mainly to that composite tribunal, made up of the old Supreme Court and the old Sudder Court, a legacy of genuine and constructive statesmanship bequeathed by the late Lord Halifax.

#### PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED RACEHORSES.\*

THE author of this work may well say in his preface that "in Vol. II., commencing with the few remaining horses of the last century, the interest begins to quicken, and goes on increasing till the end of Vol. IV. is reached." The third volume, with which we have now to deal, contains a large number of illustrations from the pictures of J. F. Herring, many of which are worth looking at as clever representations of thoroughbred horses, even apart from their interest as portraits. There are others by Marshall, Laporte, Hancock, Baringer, Ferneley, Davis, Smith, Corbet, Harry Hall, F. C. Turner, Herring junr., Abraham Cooper and others; but no impartial critic could refuse to give the preference to those by J. F. Herring. The letterpress is on a par with that of the preceding volumes. It seems to us a pity that the races and pedigrees are not reported in the manner usual in newspapers and Turf guides. It is impossible to make matter of this kind readable throughout, and it is far better to give it in tabular form than as a piece of continuous reading.

It would be impossible in a review of this length to criticize all the portraits *seriatim*, and as they are merely given in chronological order, we will venture to rearrange them according to their families and notice a few of the principal representatives of the latter. Looking through the names of the descendants of the Darley Arabian through Eclipse, we find two portraits of Sir Hercules, his great-great-grandson, foaled in 1826. He was a black, or black-brown, with a good many white hairs in his coat. Both his pictures make him out to have been very powerful. He seems to have had a remarkably short and strong back, with arched loins, very lengthy and muscular quarters, and excellent shoulders. As his blood runs in the veins of nearly every living racehorse of celebrity, his portrait is well worthy of careful study. Sir Hercules's most famous son was Irish Birdcatcher, who was foaled in 1833 and died in 1860 (by the way, is not Mr. Taunton in error when he states that his dam, who died in 1850, was bred in 1833?). There is a portrait of him by Harry Hall, and we congratulate Mr. Taunton on having selected this instead of the other well-known picture of the same horse; for while the latter is more spirited, it does not show his points so well. He had a particularly sensible and bloodlike, but not exactly pretty, head, with fine ears. His neck was graceful, but muscular. His shoulders were good, yet they were by no means his best point. He had great depth of girth; his back was very short and strong, his back-ribs were excellent, and his hips were rather high in proportion to his shoulders. He had lengthy, muscular, but not loaded quarters, and he carried his tail, which had some of the Sir Hercules white hairs at the root, rather high. His arms and second thighs were long and powerful, but he had not a great deal of bone below the knee. In colour he was a rich chestnut, with a wide blaze down his face and over his nose, and one white hindleg. If the portrait by Hancock of his own brother, Faugh-a-Ballagh, is to be trusted, there was much in common between them; but Faugh-a-Ballagh seems to have had a longer back. There is an excellent picture by Herring of Birdcatcher's celebrated son The Baron, a chestnut horse that won the St. Leger in 1845. He seems to have been a very handsome horse, with a small head, an evil eye (he was a bit of a savage), a light neck, faultless shoulders, immense girth, good loins, rather drooping quarters, very powerful thighs and arms, and forelegs which might have been none the worse for a little more bone. We look forward to seeing the portraits of his famous sons Stockwell and Rataplan in the volume that has yet to be published.

Few descendants of Eclipse have been more renowned than Touchstone, and most of the best horses in training have more than one strain of his blood. Herring's picture does not make him by any means the best-looking horse in the book; nor was he exactly what would be called a very handsome horse.

\* *Portraits of celebrated Racehorses of the Past and Present Centuries, in strictly Chronological Order, commencing in 1702 and ending in 1870, together with their respective Pedigrees and Performances recorded in full.* By Thomas Henry Taunton, M.A. In 4 vols. Vol. III. From 1824 to 1842. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

His head was all very well, although his ears were coarse; his neck was strong, and his shoulders were fair, but not remarkable; there was, however, plenty of depth below them. It was behind the saddle that he possessed his extraordinary power. Indeed, we do not think that Herring quite did justice to his second thighs, which, as the writer of this article has reason to know from a personal acquaintance with the splendid old horse, were developed to an almost preternatural extent. His picture could not show his curious habit of turning out his hocks and galloping very wide behind, or how desperately he pulled. He lived to be thirty, dying in 1861; whereas Birdcatcher, with whose descendants his stock has been so much crossed, died at the age of twenty-seven, in the previous year. There are two pictures of Touchstone's son Cotherstone. He looks a powerful and remarkably well-shaped horse, but rather long in the leg, and without much bone below the knee.

Among Eclipse's descendants through King Fergus we have a portrait by Ferneley of Velocipede, who was foaled in 1825 and died in 1859. He was a tall chestnut horse with a white blaze, a flesh-coloured nose, two white fetlocks and a white heel. Like his sire, Blacklock, he had a big, ugly, Roman-nosed head, set on to a light, weak-looking neck. His shoulders were moderate, but he had a grand back and quarters and great depth of girth and back ribs. His legs look good, but rather long and wanting in bone, and, as a matter of fact, his off foreleg gave way between the knee and the fetlock. He became the sire of King of Trumps, and his blood exists in Bendigo and in many horses now in training, including King Monmouth, Rose Window, and Veracity, the winner of the late Lincolnshire Handicap. Another son of Blacklock's was a far more successful sire. This was Voltaire, of whom we have only an unsatisfactory, foreshortened portrait which tells us nothing. His name occurs three times in the pedigree of the winner of this year's Derby. There is a good picture here, by Herring, of Voltaire's son, Charles XII., who won the St. Leger in 1839. His long and rather heavy head, in this picture, looks as if it had some of the Blacklock characteristics; but in two portraits of him by the same artist that were formerly in the possession of the writer of this review, his head was remarkably well-shaped and bloodlike. As a whole, he showed a great deal of quality, although he was rather long-backed and drooping in the quarters. As a three-year-old he was purchased for 3,000 guineas, and as a stallion he was sold for 50*l*. Another horse of the King Fergus blood, whose portrait we have here, was Priam, winner of the Derby in 1830. He is said to have been handsome, but he looks a terrible stilty peacock in his portrait. Even in those early days he fetched 1,000 guineas as a yearling. Of the same blood and by the same sire was Plenipotentiary, whose portrait is by A. Cooper. He was a beautifully made horse, with immense bone and power, yet no lumber. Ayrshire has some of his blood in his veins. There are two portraits by F. C. Turner of Eclipse's celebrated descendant, Harkaway, the sire of King Tom. Harkaway was "a pale, yellow, sorrel" with a white face. He had a big, ugly head, and it is wonderful that a horse so finely bred on both sides should have been so angular, leggy, and coarse. He was a marvellous mover in his gallop, and he won twenty-five races out of thirty-eight. After his withdrawal from the turf, some Americans sent to ask his price and whether he was still in work. "The price of Harkaway," replied his owner, "is six thousand guineas, and I hunt him twice or thrice a week." His grandson, Kingcraft, won the Derby in 1870. A picture is given us of Liverpool, a direct descendant of Eclipse through the line of that horse's son, Joe Andrews. If Liverpool's portrait by Harrington was like him, he must have been a very coachy-looking brute. There is a far better portrait, by Herring, of Sheet Anchor, another horse of the Joe Andrews blood, whose name may be found in the pedigree of Stuart, the winner of the French Derby and Grand Prix of this year. He was a horse of great bone and power, but heavy-shouldered and round-rumped.

In looking through the names of the descendants of the Byerly Turk, we find a portrait of Venison. This was one of the most beautiful horses ever bred. A better head, a better neck, a better back, better shoulders, quarters, or limbs, it would be hard to find, either in a picture or in real life. Unfortunately nearly all his stock were small, and his blood is not very common, at present, in first-class racehorses. Minting's great granddam, however, was his granddaughter, and his name occurs in the pedigrees of several winners of last year, among others, Exmoor, Oberon, Panzerchiff, Renny, and Blanchland. In the Byerly Turk line again, we have Bay Middleton. Herring gives him a heavy head on a light neck, long weak loins, good depth of brisket, and capital limbs. Both the winner of this year's Derby and Friar's Balsam, whom most people think would have won it if he had been well, have a strain of Bay Middleton's blood. Among the pictures of the Byerly Turk's descendants we have also one of the very handsome, although low-backed, Glencoe, the sire of Pocahontas, Stockwell's dam. One of the most celebrated of the Byerly Turk's family was Sweetmeat, the sire of Macaroni, Parmesan, and Carnival. In his picture by Herring he is represented with a pretty little head, straight and heavy shoulders, good loins and quarters, and very little bone. He got some excellent mares, and his blood is much liked by many breeders.

We will now turn to the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. One of the most famous of his descendants, as a stallion, was Melbourne. His picture in this work is by Harry Hall, and was taken when he was at the stud. He is said to have been one of the most lengthy horses ever trained, yet he had great depth and

short legs. His crest was remarkably thin, and he stood over very much on his fore-legs. He had wonderful shoulders—none better are represented in this book—and his quarters and thighs were unexceptionable; but in Harry Hall's portrait his loins are scarcely his best point. The stallions Sterling and Petrarch inherited his blood.

There are a good many pictures of famous mares in this volume. Among the most interesting is one, by Herring, of Emma, the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig, both winners of the Derby, as well as of Mowerina, dam of West Australian. She was a long, low, short-legged mare, but high in the withers. The portrait of Queen of Trumps, winner of both the Oaks and the St. Leger, is an admirable specimen of a Herring. She was about the best of Velocipede's get, and her picture is one of great interest. Herring has drawn Beeswing, the dam of the famous Newminster, in her gallop, and she looks a very bloodlike, graceful mare, but rather light of bone. Another light-boned, yet good-looking mare, was Crucifix, of whom there is a picture by Turner. She had a very straight head, great depth of brisket, and drooping quarters. She won both the Two Thousand and the Oaks, and her name appears in the pedigrees of several successful horses now in training, among others in that of Chitabob, the winner of this year's Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000*l*. She was also an ancestor of the celebrated stallion Hermit. Ghuznee, who only stood 14 hands and 3 inches when she won the Oaks, has an awful-looking hock in Turner's picture, yet she appears full of quality, as we well remember she was in reality when a brood mare at the stud. The portrait by Tasker of the celebrated mare Alice Hawthorn is not a happy one. It is quite a libel upon a mare whose name is to be found in the pedigree of the redoubtable Ormonde himself, as well as in those of a whole host of other winners. It is greatly to be regretted that there should be no picture of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell; but we do not remember ever to have seen one. We will conclude our review by noticing the picture by Abraham Cooper of Little Wonder, a brilliant-coloured bay horse, who won the Derby in 1840, although he was only 14 hands 3½ inches in height. He had excellent shoulders, very high withers, great depth of girth and length of arm, and drooping but very powerful quarters, with his hind legs turned a good deal under him. We have only to add that no library of books on racing will henceforward be complete without *Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses*.

#### TWO BOOKS ON SCIENCE.

SOME teachers of physical science will welcome the *Fundamental Principles of Chemistry*, by Robert Galloway, M.R.I.A. (Longmans & Co.) It bears throughout evidence of considerable knowledge, both of the subject in its principal phases and of the proper side for one to approach it in order to be efficient as a class-instructor. The author, however, though professing to teach chemistry by a new method, does not explicitly set forth in what it consists; and, on examining his arrangement and treatment of the various classes of facts and laws of the science, we fail to detect much originality. In the preface we find a reference to the usual chemical text-books as being "mere compilations of unclassified facts," and therefore infer that the author cannot have seen all those that recent years have brought forth, and some of which we have had to notice favourably. The introduction is an account of the physical properties of bodies, especially in regard to certain chemical operations and properties, filtration being illustrated under porosity, the collection of gases under impenetrability, fractional distillation under heat, &c. The chapter on Chemical Affinity proceeds, after discussing compound substances and elements, to illustrate the interaction of different forms of matter by suitable experiments, the influence of heat and pressure, and the action of bases and acids. The general laws of chemical combination are enounced and illustrated in the following order—those of definite, equivalent, and multiple proportions; the law of volumes, with a glance at Dalton's theory of atoms; and the law of Avogadro. There are some valuable notes as to basic substances, and the various forms of acids and acid anhydrides, with the most approved methods of preparing them. A long chapter is devoted to salts, their formation, properties, and classification. A serious defect in the work is that there is no index, especially as many important subjects occur which are not even named in the table of contents. We trust Mr. Galloway will correct this if a second edition is called for.

In *Sunlight* (Trübner & Co.) we find a survival of the reaction against scientific evidence which, a generation ago, was instinctively produced in many earnest minds affected by the religious bias. Some of the writer's conclusions, many of which are quite revolutionary as well as novel, are that light is a force distinct from heat, that its action is uniform, that "all the phenomena of earth" are under its control, and that, in short, it is the dominant force in the universe; secondly, that there is no proof of heat in the sun, or of "innate inherent heat in earth"; thirdly, that it is the "creative action" of light which "gave causes for igneous action," and that it "must have an endless circle" coming from the sun to vivify matter on earth and going back to renew the energy of the sun. By that process "material has been constantly given or attracted to organic forms." The author deals as trenchantly and decisively with the arguments and evidence of Laplace, Herschel, Huxley, Thomson, Lyell, Geikie, and others, as did



Alexander of Macedon with the Gordian knot. Even Mr. Lockyer and Professor Tyndall come in for a large share of his attention; followed by Professor Tait, Sir W. Dawson, and others; and, after passing all the recent speculations under review, he sums up with a manifest consciousness of victory all along the line. He flouts in the most absolute manner any arguments as to the antiquity of our earth which have been derived from the discovery of bone-caves, and informs us that "it is well to blot out from natural history the ingenious unnatural ideas that have been entered in its pages by clever men, and continued by those who pin their leading-strings to the aprons of those who wrote before them." In another place we read that the "present school of physics and cosmic action is on its trial," a dictum parallel in its boldness to the startling criticism passed upon constitutional government by the late Prince Consort. Destructive criticism, however, is not sufficient for the author of *Sunshine*. He would base a new theory of the universe on the "simple suggestion that light was the first cause of the creation of this earth, acting on a nebulous mass that held in it gases or material sensitive to, absorptive, and retentive of that light."

#### ASSYRIA.\*

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps open to question whether the story of a nation can be found in the scraps of information concerning the deeds of a few monarchs, the scanty records of the rise, the wars, and the fall of a mighty Empire, and the theories of modern students, which, along with certain Biblical notices, make up nearly all our authorities for Assyrian history, no one will be inclined to quarrel with the decision that has led to the publication of this useful and carefully written volume. It contains in a convenient form the results of the investigations of Professor Sayce, Canon Rawlinson, M. Lenormant, and other eminent scholars into the signification of the Assyrian inscriptions and other monuments, and tells us all that is really known, and all that these scholars hold ought to be most surely believed, as to the history of the Empire. Nor is this all; for after discussing the rise of "Asshur," and making the most of the cylinder of Tiglath Pileser I., the only king of the "First Empire" who is much more than a name, Mr. Ragozin fills up a long gap in Assyrian history by two excellent chapters on the Canaanitic peoples, and especially the Phœnicians. The greatness of Assyria revived in the ninth century, and soon threatened the independence of the kingdoms of Syria and Israel. Notices of the campaigns of Shalmaneser II. and Tiglath Pileser II. during this period illustrate and fill up the Bible narrative; some comments will be found on the legend of Semiramis, and an ingenious attempt is made to reduce the story of Jonah's whale to an ordinary occurrence. Mr. Ragozin has an interesting chapter on the glories of the reign of Sargon, the conqueror of Samaria, who had completely "dropped out of history," until he was restored to his proper place by recent discoveries. The account of the rise of the Powers that brought about the "fall of Asshur" is too discursive; the Hittite monuments in Asia Minor, for example, are surely somewhat remotely connected with the siege of Nineveh by the Medes and Babylonians. The illustrations, with which the volume is liberally supplied, are well chosen and add greatly to its value.

#### THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE.†

IN an Introductory Note Mr. Hart states that this volume is in the main a paper read before the Historical Society of Montreal. He expresses the hope that it will be the forerunner of other books comprising lectures which have already been delivered at the sessions of the Society, and which will, he believes, together form a valuable history of the Dominion of Canada. Our colonies, as a rule, do not offer a favourable field to the historian; but with Canada it is otherwise. The establishment and growth of our North American colony has been marked by several dramatic incidents and political problems worthy of more detailed consideration than they have hitherto received. We might have wished that Mr. Hart had expanded his lecture, so as at once to have rendered it more comprehensive and to have avoided the tediousness which results from excessive brevity, and which has caused the opening pages of his narrative to be little more than a catalogue of names and facts. In this respect Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, has the advantage over Mr. Hart.

But although we regret the shortcomings of this sketch of the destruction of French authority in Canada, Mr. Hart, in publishing his lecture as it was given, instead of shaping it into a consecutive and substantial work, is only following the example of several illustrious English professors. There are two sections of this volume, comprising together the greater part of its substance, which are well considered and will well repay the reading. The events of the war which resulted in the capture by

the English of Quebec and Montreal in 1760 are described in an interesting and accurate manner; and the causes which led up to the expulsion of the French colonists from Acadia, now called Nova Scotia, are clearly and forcibly traced.

The French Canadians since the foundation of our colony have proved a source of trouble to English rule in Canada; and now, great in numbers and with influence greater than their numbers justify, they threaten constant danger to the unity of the Dominion. Of such importance is the French question to the well-being of Canada that we should have been glad if the narrative of this volume had been carried up to date. It is almost impossible to obtain a candid opinion on the subject. Canadian politicians have to consider the French Canadian vote, and, though Mr. Hart writes as President of an Historical Society, yet he also avoids with *malice prepense* hinting his view of so delicate a problem. In our Colonial Empire every decently educated man is a politician in embryo. What does appear most clearly from Mr. Hart's narrative is that we have all along treated our French subjects with an excess of consideration, to the serious detriment of colonists of our own nationality. Our dealings with the French inhabitants of Acadia, against which much ignorant feeling has been excited by Longfellow's *Evangeline*, were marked by vacillation which, however humanely intended, involved us in considerable difficulties, and well-nigh exposed us to such danger as might effectually have prevented the maintenance of our supremacy in Canada. Section XIV. of the Treaty of Utrecht, under which the province was ceded to England, was definite enough in its provisions:—"The subjects of the said King (of France) may have liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place, as they shall think fit, together with all their moveable effects. But those who are willing to remain there are to be subject to the Kingdom of Great Britain." And yet no measures were adopted when the French inhabitants repeatedly refused to take the oath of allegiance to the English Crown. In the years 1715, 1717, and again in 1719, 1720, and 1725, opportunities were afforded them to submit to the prescribed form, and between 1749 and 1755 five such opportunities were offered. They continually sided with our French opponents, and instigated the native races in the performance of every species of barbarous outrage against our English subjects. In the words of the French historian Rameau, "*La majeure partie des Acadiens demeura donc Français par le fait, quoique Anglais par les traités.*" "The French inhabitants," wrote a contemporary observer, "who amount to many thousands, would, upon the first appearance of a French army, universally revolt." General Cornwallis, however, supported only in the half-hearted manner for which home Governments are notorious, contented himself by telling an assembly of French colonists what was obviously true, that "it would be contrary to common sense to suppose that one can remain in a province, and possess houses and lands there, without being subject to the sovereign of that province." Meanwhile the danger to English supremacy of French influence was a very real one, as appears from the despatches of Governor Lawrence. At last—not a minute too soon—action was determined upon. A final appeal, generous in its substance, was made, but was contemptuously rejected. In 1755 Colonel John Winslow received orders to effect the removal of the French inhabitants of the province to other colonies. He performed his duty with tenderness, avoiding any separation of families, disuniting few family groups, and permitting the people to take with them all their household effects which the ships could convey.

The reasons of French opposition then were the same as exist today among that concourse of foreigners who are our subjects by the Treaty of Paris, but to whom we submit as masters in the province of Quebec. There exists still that same hereditary attachment to France, the body of French Roman Catholics subservient chiefly to their French bishop, and kept by their priests distinct and separate from the English colonists. Fast in multiplying, ruled by their own laws, thrifty but wretchedly unprogressive, they have ruined the commercial prospects of Quebec, and seriously injured those of Montreal. The English Government is the only Government in the world which would admit of the existence in its own territory, to use Mr. Hart's expression, "of a nation within a nation." To this day, writes Mr. Hart, the French Canadians commemorate the victory of Carillon by carrying aloft the "*Drapeau Blanc*," conserved religiously in the National Sanctuary at Quebec. That is to say, they commemorate a victory achieved by French arms over the soldiers of the community to which they avowedly belong. The English traveller to Quebec will find near the Heights of Abraham a memorial statue to Montcalm far exceeding in grandeur the paltry monument erected on the spot where General Wolfe was slain in the service of England.

The victories of Wolfe and Amherst at Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Montreal form the most generally interesting part of this volume. At the great engagement which resulted in our capture of Quebec it appears that, according to the best estimate, the English soldiers numbered 4,828, the French side as many as 9,580 men, but then not half of this last body were regulars. This volume is profusely supplied with illustrations. There is a portrait of Montcalm which has not been engraved before, and a reproduction of a rare engraving of Montreal in 1760, when what is now the largest city in Canada consisted of a couple of churches and a score of ill-built houses.

\* *The Story of the Nations—Assyria: from the Rise of the Empire to the Fall of Nineveh*. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin, Member of the "Société Ethnologique" of Paris, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

† *The Fall of New France, 1755-1760*. By Gerald E. Hart, President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, &c. Montreal: Drysdale & Co. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

## PICTURES AT PLAY.\*

PICTURES, especially portraits, even in the best regulated galleries, have long been suspected of indulging in grave or playful relaxation at nights by escaping the ignominy of hanging and bursting the frail bonds of frames and fixatives. Whether they confabulate or no on such occasions is a matter hitherto left somewhat doubtful. They may well do it, indeed, and in *Pictures at Play* they do it very well. The "Two Art Critics" who, with the aid of Mr. Harry Furniss, solve the problem are perhaps a little laggard with their revelations. They ought to have arrived with the catalogues and criticisms of May. As, however, some of the more instructive passages in the book are those that embody the criticism of the pictures themselves on the verdicts of art critics, the delay is not without excuse. Thus in one scene of very pretty satire numerous representatives of the "Portrait of a Lady," who all profess inordinate pride in being "on the line," are gathered around the "Mrs. Henry Marquand" of Mr. Sargent, while Mr. Richmond's "Lady X." and the "Comtesse Y." of M. Carolus-Duran are curious observers. These Academic ladies are terribly disconcerted by Mr. Sargent's portrait. "You can positively see all round her." She is so "lifelike" as to be "indecorous;" and as to "values"—what do they mean by values?—"Oh! bother 'values'! give me Worth," says one flat and fashionable lady, and another would not "give five shillings for her dress." Then there is "that Frenchman in the other room"—the "Monsieur Pasteur" of M. Carolus-Duran—"the man who wanted to vaccinate poor dear Miss Cobbe"; he is quite as unorthodox as Mr. Sargent's sitters. He is mightily pleased with "the *Saturday Review* man" who praised him for his "subtle changes of plane" and the facility with which anybody could "feel his whereabouts" all over his face. Finding the lions in the Academy "obviously stuffed," the cold, grey eye of M. Pasteur as he roams through the gallery is keenly intent on dogs and cats. His benevolence is balked by a funny adventure. In Mr. Furniss's droll sketch he is left confronting, on his knees, Mr. Riviere's wooden bloodhound ("Requiescat," 413)—a good name, by the way, for that quaintest of Academic dogs. Naturally the occupants of modern and public galleries, like the Academy, the New, and the Grosvenor, are a good deal skittish in their play. An entertaining colloquy is the Jekyll and Hyde interview between Mr. Holl's "Mr. Gladstone" and Mr. Albert Toft's "Mr. Gladstone" (Bust, marble). Diverting also is the dialogue between the first Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Armitage's "Siren," who lives "Finsbury way" and offers her card to Mr. Gladstone just as Mr. Schmalz's "Christian Martyrs" distribute theirs in the way of business among the Academic ladies of the line. There is excellent fooling in *Pictures at Play*, though, it must be admitted, the satire is occasionally somewhat to seek. Something better than "Andromache in London" might have been looked for with so suggestive a theme. Here, as in "Mistaken Identities," and one or two other scenes, the satirical intent of the authors is so cunningly veiled as to be impenetrable. The obviously divergent views of the "Two Art Critics" are not without a piquant effect, as of a mock contention of good and evil principles, though a common accord of artistic faith and satirical aim might have strengthened the book without imperilling its lightness of touch and sportive humour.

## THOSE WICKED BAZAARS.†

THE Vicar of Oxenhall uplifts his testimony against bazaars. Not against all bazaars, or at least not against bazaars as such, but against all bazaars and "fancy fairs" which are "held for religious or charitable purposes." His reasoning is plain. All religious and charitable persons ought to subscribe freely—Mr. Foster is good enough to specify, and to explain that they ought to subscribe not less than one-tenth part of their incomes—to religious and charitable objects, and that on the merits, without any spurious provocation from marionettes or bran-tubs.

Mr. Foster has made a stringent inquiry into the manners and customs of persons holding bazaars for charitable objects, and he has certainly collated some rather surprising information on the subject. At one "fancy fair" held at "B," described as a seaside town with a large resident population—which suggests Brighton—for the benefit of the Church of Holy Trinity, there was a "café chantant" where ladies dispensed smiles at what—except in some cases—would certainly be extravagant prices. "A smile" cost half-a-crown, and "a wreath of smiles" half a sovereign. It would be interesting to know what a lady looks like when bestowing a wreath of smiles. Or is it effected by the simultaneous smiling of a wreath of ladies? Mr. Foster gives no particulars on this interesting topic. It is evident, however, that the smiles were the more precious because the programme announced that "undue hilarity was deprecated." At one very recent function a still more flagitious piece of coquetry has to be reported, though here happily the offending lady was of tender years. "A pretty little child sold a kiss for a sovereign." Mr. Foster has the temerity to mention the awful personage to whom

she sold it. The House of Commons having very properly struck out the fifth clause of the Law of Libel Amendment Bill, we shall do nothing of the kind.

Warmly as Mr. Foster denounces the sale of smiles and kisses in the cause of religion and charity, he is still more indignant at the frequency and audacity with which the laws against lotteries are broken at bazaars. He quotes terrible speeches made by a profligate lord, a criminally disposed lady of title, and Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, expressing approval of lotteries, which are against the law, and even "fleeing" and "robbery" (at bazaars), which are contrary to the Ten Commandments. Worse even than this, it once happened that a mayor opened (with prayer) a bazaar at which lotteries were held (but it does not appear that they prayed that the prizes might be distributed to those who best deserved them), and that shortly afterwards he was constrained in his magisterial capacity to send a thimble-rigger to prison, whereupon the thimble-rigger pointed out that he was no worse than the mayor, except that his gambling operations had not been preceded by a similar devout observance. It is pleasant to discover that when the thimble-rigger was nabbed and laid in gaol, the mayor's heart, like Barbara Allen's, was "smit with sorrow," and that, having summoned a meeting of his townsfolk, he publicly abjured for the future the sinful practice of holding lotteries. The thimble-rigger does not seem to have been released from durance. Mr. Foster might have developed his studies on this subject a little further. He might have inquired why the Government, in obedience to the stern behests of Mr. Bradlaugh, institute prosecutions against Church bazaars in Lancashire where lotteries are announced to be held, and takes no notice of a gigantic lottery, advertised all over the kingdom, wherein all persons are invited to take a sixpenny chance of winning 150*l.*, or one of many other valuable prizes, for the benefit of a fund for the restoration of Monaghan Cathedral. The fact is that the subject is one of some practical difficulty. Persons interested in church-building and hospital-supporting find they can get money by bazaars, and not otherwise. Mr. Foster declares that they ought to get it by free gift, and that the meritorious end in view does not excuse its achievement by unlawful and unworthy means. It is notorious that such means of raising money are employed to a scandalous extent, and Mr. Foster denounces them in a straightforward and rather picturesque fashion.

## MR. HENLEY'S BOOK OF VERSES.\*

MR. HENLEY'S verses are deftly turned; but the proficient rhymesters of the day can be counted almost by the score, and what is more singular about this writer's work than its clever craftsmanship is its ring of genuine and virile humanity. The poems in the volume are for the most part dated, and can accordingly be recognized as written within the space of a few years, and those evidently years of youth. They contain, as the songs of youth are sure to contain, occasional echoes of older poets; and particularly of Heine and of Whitman, little as the strains of those two writers resemble each other. But in the main their character is vigorously personal. Mr. Henley has had the art to express, generally in spontaneous, taking, and effective forms of verse, both some among the harshest experiences life has to offer and some among its most common, wholesome, and abiding consolations. He puts the painful part of his matter first. The opening section of his volume is called "Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms," a title which sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. Speaking generally, we are no partisans of the realistic method in literature or of its products; but this hospital division of Mr. Henley's work constitutes to our mind as curious and interesting a little chapter of realism as is to be found in English poetry since the days of Crabbe. By gift and instinct the strongest, as he was one of the earliest, of realists, Crabbe, as it seems to us, has missed his true rank and place in literature chiefly through the use of an inappropriate vehicle of expression. He adopted the standard metre of his day, the "heroic" couplet—a form strictly associated with urbane conventions of style and diction—in order to convey a view of human life and experience which was the reverse of conventional, and admitted neither blurring generality nor softening illusion. We are conscious accordingly of continual discords between the matter and the form of Crabbe's poetry. The realist of to-day is not exposed to any such influence of a prevailing tradition in his choice of a metrical form; and Mr. Henley in the exercise of his freedom has chosen to render his hospital impressions sometimes in unrhymed stanzas of varying structure, and sometimes in the shape of regular but very colloquial sonnets. Whether in recalling his own experiences before and after operation, or in tracing portraits of his fellow-sufferers or of the surgeons and nurse who ministered to them, he brings to his task in a remarkable measure that gift—the gift of abnormally acute and discriminating physical perception, with a command of the literary touch and vocabulary most directly suited to express it. Here is a characteristic example headed "Vigil":—

Lived on one's back  
In the long hours of repose,  
Life is a practical nightmare—  
Hideous, asleep or awake.

\* *Pictures at Play*. By Two Art Critics. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

† *Fancy Fair Religion; or, the World Converting Itself*. By Rev. J. Priestley Foster, M.A., Vicar of Oxenhall, Gloucestershire. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1883.

\* *A Book of Verses*. By William Ernest Henley. London: Nutt, 1893



Shoulders and loins  
Ache . . . !  
Ache, and the mattress  
Runs into boulders and hummocks,  
Grows like a kiln, while the bedclothes—  
Tumbling, importunate, daft—  
Ramble and roll, and the gas,  
Screwed to its lowermost,  
An inevitable atom of light,  
Haunts, and a stertorous sleeper  
Snores me to hate and despair.

Far in the stillness a cat  
Languishes loudly. A cinder  
Falls, and the shadows  
Lurch to the leap of the flame. The next man to me  
Turns with a moan; and the snorer,  
The drug like a rope at his throat,  
Gasps, gurgles, snorts himself free, as the night nurse,  
Noiseless and strange,  
Her bull's-eye half-lantern in apron,  
(Whispering me, "Are ye no sleepin' yet?")  
Passes, list-slipped and peering,  
Round, and is gone.

Sleep comes at last—  
Sleep full of dreams and misgivings—  
Broken with brutal and sordid  
Voices and sounds  
That impose on me, ere I can wake to it,  
The unnatural, intolerable day.

More acceptable, doubtless, to those readers whose ear prefers rhythm with rhyme to rhythm without it; less grim in subject; and adding, moreover, the acuteness of moral to that of mere physical and nervous perception, are the portraits in sonnet-form, headed "Staff-Nurse, Old Style and New Style," "Lady-Probationer," "House-Surgeon," and "Visitor;" the latter being to our mind especially successful, and as direct and vivid a piece of portraiture, both as to aspect and character, as may easily be found in modern verse.

While this section of Mr. Henley's work is likely to awaken answering images and emotions chiefly in the minds of those readers who may have gone through the like sharp experience, and while it is remarkable chiefly for the unsparing, and yet unforced distressfulness of the impressions it conveys, the next section, headed "Life and Death," is mainly distinguished by the fresh directness and lyric buoyancy with which the poet harps anew on well-worn themes of consolation. He tells of the strength which the heart draws from its own courage, from love, beauty, spring weather, honest wine, and the sights and wonders of the sea. Even here the style and diction are sometimes deliberately and crudely realistic, as in the second verse of the following striking piece:—

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

There is a manly vigour, and even dignity, about this which win us to accept the crudity. And in other pieces—constituting, indeed, much the chief part of the section—Mr. Henley shows that he can add grace and charm to force and directness of manner. The romantic fancy numbered XIV., the Spring song (No. XXVII.), the seaside stanzas dedicated "To my Mother" (No. I.), are all excellent in their way. Or, as an example of this pleasanter quality of Mr. Henley's work, let us take the impression set down in the following two stanzas:—

She sauntered by the swinging seas,  
A jewel glittered in her ear,  
And, teasing her along, the breeze  
Brought many a rounded grace more near.

So passing, one with wave and beam,  
She left, for memory to caress,  
A laughing thought, a golden gleam,  
A hint of hidden loveliness.

Verse of this thoroughly frank and right quality on common themes is not so easy as it seems, nor by any means so plentiful as we could wish it. There is enough of it in Mr. Henley's volume to deserve, and we should hope to earn, a popularity for his book among that large class of readers who, liking poetry, yet like it plain, and whom far-fetched motives, ingenious metres, and recondite constructions fail to attract.

Not but what Mr. Henley can handle the ingenuities of verse when he likes, and play at tricks of craftsmanship with the most adroit. A third division of his book is headed "Bric-à-Brac," and consists of exercises in metrical form—ballade, rondel, sonnet or quatorzain, and rondeau—of the kind which has given so much employment to English verse-wrights of late years. Even in these

exercises, while he misses something of the whimsical daintiness and light charm of which such forms are capable in hands like those of Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Andrew Lang—yet even here Mr. Henley's gift of lusty vigour, his spirited ring, his touch of wholesome plainness and freshness, do not desert him. Few English ballades, for instance, strike us as more agreeable reading than Mr. Henley's two "Of Spring Music" and "Made in Hot Weather"; and this concluding section of his work is welcome as completing the variety of contents in what is certainly one of the most interesting, fresh, and spirited among recent volumes of verse.

#### PHYSICAL EDUCATION.\*

POPULAR feeling in favour of physical education in schools is considerably in advance of the skill and intelligence of the majority of its teachers, and of the manuals they put forth. The public, indeed, is getting impatient of the small results which accrue from the various "systems" of elementary gymnastics, and attention is being directed to manual training as promising greater economic and sanitary advantages than mere physical training. This, however, is an error which it is desirable to correct as soon as possible, as manual training cannot be made sufficiently systematic for the proper development of the whole body, and at best only a small number of school children can be submitted to it, whereas physical training is required for children of all ages and conditions of life.

We are very much behind other countries in the adoption of physical training as part of our national system of education; but there are many reasons for this backwardness. We are justly proud of our athletics, and in this respect we are far in advance of the rest of the world; but unfortunately athletics do not supply all our needs. Athletics have the two great disadvantages of requiring larger open spaces than can be found in our towns, where physical training is most needed, and success in them depends on a system of rivalry and individual competition, which limits their use to a comparatively small number of persons. The physical education we stand most in need of is such as can be practised by large numbers of children in limited areas like school-rooms and playgrounds, and which meet the wants of all sorts of children—the weakly inhabitants of our large towns as well as the stronger ones living under more favourable sanitary conditions. These requirements can be best met by some of the simpler exercises with light apparatus which can be carried on in large classes, such as dumb-bells and French bars or *bâtons*, and not so well by the evolutions of military drill, and the complicated postings of the body and limbs with empty hands. With respect to military drill we have prejudices to contend with which have been overcome elsewhere. A few years ago, when the need for physical education began to be recognized, military drill was introduced into many schools, and the work of teaching it fell into the hands of the common soldier, whose only qualification was a technical acquaintance with the details of his art, but who was ignorant of the laws of physical development, and the amount of endurance different children could bear, and the result was therefore rarely beneficial and often injurious. The adoption of military drill has moreover retarded the development of a rational—and we may also say a national—system of physical education in this country by throwing the work into the hands of the drill sergeants, and thus deterring persons of education from taking it up as a career; while in America and on the Continent, where it has made most progress, it is in the hands of medical men of good standing in their profession. The names of Dr. Hitchcock, of Amhurst, and Dr. Sergeant, of Harvard, the directors of their respective college gymnasias, are among the best known American medical men; but in this country even the gymnasias at our military colleges are under the direction of military and not medical officers. A worse evil than this has befallen us in the adoption of military drill in schools—and we commend this to the notice of School Boards—inasmuch as it has been found to be almost worthless for the purpose of physical training; and, consequently, it has discredited as well as retarded the adoption of better methods. This important fact was pointed out many years ago by the late Mr. Maclaren of the Oxford Gymnasium, who found, while training some drill-sergeants as military gymnasium-instructors, that in four months these already well-drilled men became so muscular about the arms, shoulders, and chest that they could not get into their uniform without assistance, and, when they got their tunics on, they could not make them meet within a hand's breadth. After many years this fact of the comparative worthlessness of mere military drill is being acknowledged by military men themselves; for we now learn that a new system of drill, combined with physical training of a gym-

\* *Musical Drill for Infants.* 100 Illustrations. *Healthy Exercises for Girls.* 200 Illustrations. *Modern Gymnastic Exercises for Boys.* 200 Illustrations. By A. Alexander, Director of the Liverpool Gymnasium. London: G. Philip.

*Manuel de Gymnastique à l'usage des Ecoles des Filles.* Many Illustrations. Paris: Ministère de l'Instruction Publique.

*Manuel de Gymnastique à l'usage des Ecoles, Lycées, et des Collèges.* 170 Figures. Par C. Vergnes. Paris: Hachette.

*Physical Training in American Colleges and Universities.* By E. M. Hartwell, M.D. Circular of Information of the Bureau of Education No. 5. Washington.

nastic kind, is to be introduced into the army, and that it was exhibited to the Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot recently by Major-General P. Smith, who maintains, we read in the newspaper report, "that the physical training of a soldier is entirely neglected in the routine of regimental drill, and he, with others of high military standing, realize the want of a minor drill which combines with it physical training." When the soldiers arrive at this conclusion educationalists may safely remove military drill—except just so much of it as is necessary to marshal children in classes for other exercises—from their programme, and shake off with it the incubus under which physical education has so long laboured in this country.

It is not in the higher branches of gymnastics that our English system of training is at fault. These have much in common with athletics and are limited in their employment by the requirements of space, apparatus, and skilled supervision. It is in the elementary part that our system is deficient. Nor is there, indeed, any lack of "systems" and enthusiastic advocates of their real or imaginary advantages. It is in the multitude of systems that our difficulty in a great measure lies. There are Swedish, German, French, and American systems, differing so much that one might suppose that the human body was not anatomically the same in these various branches of the European race, or that human faculty and men's occupations were different in each of them. The Swedish system of which we hear so much is based on a study of the individual action of the muscles which would puzzle the professor of anatomy to unravel, and which in practice is useless, as it is well known to physiologists that the muscles perform their functions in certain well-defined groups, and very rarely as individual structures. It is the physiologist, and not the anatomist, who should superintend the physical education of the body, for its object is to secure the performance, in the highest state of perfection, of all the functions of the body, and not merely to develop the muscular system. This view of the objects of physical education renders the selection of a series of elementary exercises comparatively easy, because the functions of the body are few in number, while the number of individual muscles is very great.

It is the fashion just now to praise everything German, and especially German gymnastics; but it is to the French that we must go for the lighter and more graceful forms and exercises suitable for children, such as calisthenics, dumb-bells, bar-bells, fencing, and dancing; and a glance at the pages of the two French manuals on our list will show how largely our English system of elementary training, as represented by the three excellent little manuals of Mr. Alexander, is derived from the French. What is most remarkable on comparing these two sets of manuals is that the French are official codes of the physical exercises to be used in the primary, secondary, and higher schools and colleges, with the decrees regulating them and instructions for teachers, while the English are issued by, at the risk of and on the sole authority of, a private teacher. Mr. Alexander's manuals may be deemed the A B C of physical education, and may be accepted as the newest and best guides we possess. The author has kept in mind the importance of economizing the time and capacity of both the pupils and the teachers by arranging the exercises on a systematic plan and in a progressive order, so that what is taught in the infant school as calisthenics (without apparatus) is available for the dumb-bell and other exercises, with apparatus, in the upper schools. Our knowledge and experience of these exercises is sufficiently advanced to be embodied in a code, and such a code would be most useful throughout the country, as a means of securing common action and a uniform scheme of physical education. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the best methods of promoting mental development, there cannot be many on the narrow ground of elementary physical education. The exercises already in use are more than sufficient, and two or three teachers and physiologists could easily make a selection from them which would answer every requirement for children under thirteen or fourteen years of age; while the higher branches might remain optional as to forms to be adopted above those ages. Great discretion is required in the teacher in advancing a student from the elementary to the higher forms of gymnastics. The pupil who handles dumb-bells, bars, and clubs deals only with a few pounds of weight; but in climbing, swinging, vaulting, &c., he is dealing with the whole weight of the body—nine, ten, or eleven stone. The difference is very great, and should be made by slow and well-graded steps. Another popular error should also be guarded against. It is now everywhere said that gymnastics should be recreative, and not laborious; but this is only partially true. Gymnastic exercises of all kinds are amusing and recreative in the best sense of the word, but to be useful they must be made a task and progressive in their character. To play at gymnastics is to waste the strength; to practise them wisely is to increase the strength, health, and grace of the body, and improve all the natural functions. Illustrations in books of this kind are of great value to both the teacher and pupil, and both the French and English manuals are profuse in quantity, but a little deficient in quality—this remark especially applies to the manuals for girls.

#### OCCULTISM.

OCCULTISM and theosophy now enjoy no inconsiderable vogue, and have a very respectable literature of their own, rejoicing, for example, in a "theosophical monthly" entitled *Lucifer*, "designed to bring light to the hidden things of darkness," under the editorship of H. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins.

Of the two volumes before us, *Light on the Path* and *Magic*, the first is a brochure avowedly "written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence." Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in his new book, *Scientific Religion*, quotes the last three rules in *Light on the Path*, and terms them the climax of a particular philosophy. Into Mr. Oliphant's question as to whether the philosophy itself is of any use to humanity we do not propose to enter. So far as we can gather from the mystic language in which it is couched *Light on the Path* is intended to guide the footsteps of those who have discarded the forms of religion while retaining the moral principle to its fullest extent. It is in harmony with much that was said by Socrates and Plato, although the author does not use the phraseology of those philosophers, but rather the language of Buddhism, easily understood by esoteric Buddhists, but difficult to grasp by those without the pale. *Light on the Path* may, we think, be said to be the only attempt in this language and in this century to put practical occultism into words; and it may be added, by way of further explanation, that the character of Gautama Buddha, as shown in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is the perfect type of the being who has reached the threshold of Divinity by this road. That it has reached a third edition speaks favourably for this *multum in parvo* of the science of occultism; and "M. C." may be expected to gather fresh laurels in future.

Dr. Hartmann's *Magic*, as compared with *Light on the Path*, is a bulky tome; and in its closely-printed pages students of occultism will find hints, "practical" and otherwise, likely to be of great service to them in the pursuit of their studies and researches. It was not the author's "object, in composing this book, to write merely a code of Ethics, and thereby to increase the already existing enormous mountain of unread moral precepts, but to assist the student of occultism in studying the elements of which his own soul is composed, and to learn to know his own physical organism. I want to give an impulse to the study of a science which may be called the 'anatomy and physiology of the Soul,' which investigates the elements of which the soul is composed, and the source from which man's desires and emotions spring." Dr. Hartmann's compendium is "an attempt to show the way how man may become a co-operator of the Divine Power, whose product is Nature," and his pages, as described by himself, "constitute a book which may properly have the title of *Magic*, for if the readers succeed in practically following its teaching, they will be able to perform the greatest of all magical feats, the spiritual regeneration of Man." Dr. Hartmann's book has also gone into a third edition, and has developed from an insignificant pamphlet, "written originally for the purpose of demonstrating to a few inexperienced inquirers that the study of the occult side of nature was not identical with the vile practices of sorcery," into a compendious volume, comprising, we are willing to believe, the entire philosophic system of occultism. There are abundant evidences that the science of theosophy has made vast strides in public estimation of late years, and that those desirous of experimenting in this particular, and in many respects fascinating, branch of ethics, have leaders whose teaching they can follow with satisfaction to themselves.

#### ÉTUDES SUR L'ESPAGNE.†

THE name of M. A. Morel-Fatio is by this time well known to students of Spanish literature, and even to others. In England he has secured access to a large class of readers as the author of the article on Spanish literature in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Readers who use French know him as the author, editor, compiler (he appears in all three characters) of a capital volume on *L'Espagne au XVI<sup>e</sup> et au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle*, as editor of the *Mágico Prodigioso*, and as the translator of *Lazarillo de Tormes*. M. Morel-Fatio has always shown in his work a combination of qualities which is rarer than we could wish. He has the antiquarian and the commentator's passion for getting at the facts, and with it a faculty for estimating the purely literary merits of books old and new, not always found joined to the industry of the pure scholar. This volume of "Études" is described as a *première série*, and is to be the first of a line of others intended to "raviver autant que possible le goût des choses de l'Espagne en les expliquant de notre mieux." M. Morel-Fatio speaks further on of "un gros livre, qui paraîtra en son temps, sur la société espagnole au XVI<sup>e</sup> et au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle." Whether we are to take this as a promise on his part to

\* *Light on the Path*. By M. C., Fellow of Theosophical Society. London: George Redway. 1888.

*Magic, White and Black; or, the Science of Finite and Infinite Life, containing Practical Hints for Students of Occultism*. By Franz Hartmann, M.D. Third edition. London: George Redway. 1888.

† *Études sur l'Espagne*. Par A. Morel-Fatio. Première série. Paris: F. Vieweg, Libraire-éditeur. 1888.



produce the *gros livre*, or only as the expression of a hope that some day some other will do it, is not quite clear. We hope it is a promise, and when the big book appears can promise M. Morel-Fatio some favourable and attentive hearers.

The first of the three papers which make up this volume is headed "Comment la France a connu et compris l'Espagne depuis le moyen âge jusqu'à nos jours." It is a well-written and luminous survey of a very considerable bulk of writing, beginning with the road-books of the French pilgrims who crowded to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, and ending with the ever-welcome names of Hugo, Mérimée, and Gautier. Between these two lie diplomatists, mediæval scholars, the Spanish refugees who swarmed in Paris towards the close of Philip II.'s reign, followers and imitators of that master scamp Antonio Perez—the *españolistas* of the seventeenth century—the philosophers and travellers of the eighteenth. Great names are there, and obscure ones beside them. The refugee Luna, who continued (as he called it) the *Lazarillo*, and the Spanish Admirable Orichton, Fernan de Córdova, have their turn with Corneille, St.-Simon, Le Sage, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais. It will be seen that M. Morel-Fatio has surveyed no small part of French literature and Spanish life. But, though the essay is crowded, it is thoroughly clear. Successive men and things are described, judged, and placed with the neatness and lucidity which are so French and so lovable. The literary faculty of M. Morel-Fatio is excellently employed in drawing the line between what was French and what was really Spanish in the much that France has written about Spain; and this is conspicuously the case in his mention of Le Sage. Excellent, too, is his treatment of the three great names, Hugo, Gautier, and Prosper Mérimée. We at least do not approve him the less because his warmest praise is given to the author of *Carmen*. "Jamais," he declares, "en aucune langue, on n'avait encore décrit deux âmes espagnoles avec plus de force concentrée et une simplicité plus vivante." Hugo's Spain is terrible, Gautier is artistically splendid, but Mérimée's is the real Spain, just sufficiently selected and arranged. The second paper of "Recherches sur *Lazarillo de Tormes*," which is not a reprint of the preface to the translation, is bibliographical, critical, and historical. M. Morel-Fatio decides, with many reasons of painful cogency to support him, that this little gem was not the work of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. As it hurts us to be convinced of this against our will, we are happy to see that some of M. Morel-Fatio's arguments seem wanting in force. We demur to his contention that a gentleman of the great house of Mendoza would never have condescended to study the life of beggars and manifold other rogues. Surely there have been Prince Hais in this world who found pleasure in watching the unyoked humour of the idleness of Nym and Bardolphs.

The last paper, headed "L'histoire dans *Ruy-Blas*," may perhaps annoy some of the weaker sort of Hugolâtres, but they can only be the very weakest. M. Morel-Fatio knows as well as any man, and says emphatically, that we love Victor because he was a great poet; we do not go to him for facts, and that if his blunders came in every second line, they would none the less be magnificently well said. But Victor challenged the world to pick holes in *Ruy-Blas*. Did he not say, "Du reste, et cela va sans dire, il n'y a pas dans *Ruy-Blas* un détail de vie privée ou publique, d'intérieur, d'ameublement, de blason, d'étiquette, de biographie, de chiffre ou de topographie qui ne soit scrupuleusement exact?" Well, M. Morel-Fatio has tested this magnificent boast, and shows—what will surprise few—that Victor laid hands on the *Mémoires* of Mme. d'Aulnoy and the *Etat présent de l'Espagne* of the Abbé de Veyrac, and got up his history out of them. Further, that, in the process of getting up, he took great liberties with the facts, and made various blunders of his own. He transferred the stories told of Marie-Louise d'Orléans, the first wife of Charles II., to Maria de Neuberg, his second wife. He attributed the tyranny of the Duchess of Terranova, the Camarera Mayor, to the Duchess of Albuquerque, a lady of admirable character. He sent his hero to fetch flowers from Caramanchel, a distance of two hundred miles or so, before breakfast, instead of to Carabanchel, which is just outside of Madrid; he serenely took the word Montaygo, the name of a tax, for a proper name, he nobly repeated an absurd misprint of the title Teba, and made it immortal in his verse, he invented "Don Guritan," in defiance of Castilian, to the open-mouthed joy of the Spanish japer. To be sure, what does all this matter? but then why did Victor publish that ill-advised piece of swagger about his local colour? There is where M. Morel-Fatio waited for him. On the other hand, the critic defends the poet against other charges, and shows that he had chapter and verse for much. The story of "Mes oiseaux d'Allemagne, ils sont tous morts," is worth retailing. The Camarera Major to Marie-Louise d'Orléans (a daughter of our own Henriette d'Angleterre) wrung the necks of the poor Queen's parrots because they only spoke French. When the Queen heard of it she said nought, but she thought the more. When the Duchess came in at the usual time, and was proceeding to make a solemn curtsy, spreading out her petticoats and gracefully bowing down her wicked old head, the temptation was too strong for the blood of Henri IV., the Stuarts, and the Tudors—"La Reine sans lui dire une seule parole, lui donna deux soufflets à tour de bras," says Mme. d'Aulnoy. Off went the Duchess, a Pignatelli, in a foaming rage. She gathered together four hundred noble dames of her kith and kin, and gravely they marched to the King to demand reparation for this intolerable insult. But the Queen said it was an *antojo*, the irresistible longing of a pregnant woman, which is

an excuse for anything in Spain, and the flattered monarch refused to interfere. So the Queen boxed her tyrant's ears, and did not apologize. Like Mary of Scotland, Marie-Louise had at least in her life one hour of triumph and of vengeance.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE special aim of Mr. John Wrightson's elementary treatise, *The Principles of Agricultural Practice* (Chapman & Hall), is perhaps more fully expressed by the title "Principles of English Agriculture," which continuously heads its pages. The book treats of agriculture in England as "an instructional subject." It is, in the most practical sense of the word, educational, being made up of lectures addressed by a Professor of Agriculture to teachers. As examiner in agriculture to the Science and Art Department, Mr. Wrightson has abundant opportunities of estimating the various educational methods pursued at schools and colleges. "I have been struck," he says, "with the degree of narrowness, not only in the answers given to questions, but also in the selection of questions to be answered." He objects to the apparent identification of the phrase "theory of agriculture" with "chemistry" in the syllabus of agricultural education of the Royal Agricultural Society. Chemistry, he argues, is not agriculture, any more than agriculture is chemistry. Botany, geology, physiology, and other branches of science must be added to chemistry, as necessary to the professional equipment of agricultural colleges, but these subjects should be strictly confined to their respective exponents. The professor of agriculture ought not to attempt to combine the teaching of these branches of science with the theory and practice of agriculture. He must be content to indicate the points of contact or of relationship and respect the limitations of his subject. This, in brief, is Mr. Wrightson's ideal method. But, while he pleads for limitations in scientific exposition, he would greatly enlarge the teacher's aims in a practical direction. Thus, at p. 129, he cites the clearing of land as an illustration. "I scarcely ever find," he remarks, "a candidate select a question asking the way in which he would clean a foul piece of wheat-stubble. They prefer to enlarge upon the dominant constituents and the double silicates. They do not like farming; they like chemistry." Elsewhere, in treating of crops, rotations, drainage, fertilizers, and so forth, Mr. Wrightson enforces the excellent lesson that the agricultural professor must be a professor of farming as well as an adept at science.

In *A Season in Sutherland* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. John E. Edwards-Moss has produced a delightful little volume for the lounge in summer shade or the tourist who likes a little sport and natural history when rambling. Who loves these, and loves a garden too, will thank Mr. Edwards-Moss for as pleasant a book as could be desired. Many a Southerner, unhappily ignorant of the beauty of the land of lochs and its agreeable climate, will read with some incredulity of the Sutherland garden within sound of the northern sea which inspires the author's enthusiasm. With its roses, fuchsias, honeysuckle, carnations, and hosts of old-fashioned flowers, it suggests Heperian richness and remoteness. Mr. Edwards-Moss hints of a far-wandered current of the Gulf-stream, though doubtless the sympathy and culture of which his description also tells have had much to do with the affluence of his bowery garden. We must leave to anglers his stirring experiences of fishing in loch and stream, his capture of a sixteen-pound freshwater salmon after a gallant contest, his admirable chapter on loch trout, and his speculations on the proposed introduction into lochs of the fresh-water shrimp.

*Señora Villena and Gray: an Oldhaven Romance* (Sampson Low & Co.) form "two volumes in one," to quote the title, and are written by the author of *Real People*, the amusing opening sketch of which, dealing with Spanish-American society, we noticed the other day. *Señora Villena* introduces anew the same warm-hearted, impressionable, and charmingly naïf persons who figure in Mr. Marion Wilcox's shorter paper. It is far more elaborate, however, and quite as graceful and felicitous in style and characterization. The "Oldhaven Romance" is more notable for boldness of conception than for success in narration. The scheme of the story is striking, but the story itself is finely imagined rather than well told. While Poe and Hawthorne are at times suggested, it is even more akin to the well-known story of Tielck of the hidden treasure which changes the heart of its possessor, a poor peasant, into a heart of stone.

The fourth volume of Dean Church's "Miscellaneous Writings"—*Spenser* (Macmillan & Co.)—is practically a new edition of the author's contribution under this title to the "English Men of Letters" series. A note on the name and family of Spenser's wife is added to the present reprint, derived from Dr. Grosart's annotated edition of the *Lismore Papers*.

*A Plain Commentary on the Minor Prophets* (Masters & Co.) is a concise and handy volume, likely to be found serviceable by students and teachers. It is put forth as a compilation "from various sources"—which might have been indicated, by the way—and is the work of the author of *Christ in the Law*.

A readable addition to the series of "Missionary Manuals" is the Rev. Dr. McFarlane's *Among the Cannibals of New Guinea* (London Missionary Society). The book is a history of the Society's Papuan missions, and is illustrated by drawings that

appear to have merited a more artistic process of reproduction than they receive.

A *Handbook of Foreign Missions* is a much-needed compendium of historical and statistical information issued by the Religious Tract Society. Among its useful features are summaries of work, expenditure, and income, appended to the historical sketches of the various Societies. American and Roman Catholic missions are included in the survey.

Mr. Albert Vandam's translation of Conrad Busken Huet's *Land of Rubens: a Companion for Visitors to Belgium* (Sampson Low & Co.) can hardly be said to represent the literary style of "the Ste.-Beuve of Holland." In the first place, the translator has been pleased to "omit many things" which he thought would have proved "so many puzzles" to all but well-informed Dutchmen. This is the very wrong way of translation. Then the book shows signs of wanting revision. And the author cannot have perpetrated anything equivalent to such English as this:—"Though not in the same sense of Memling and the Van Eycks, Rubens was nevertheless a thorough Catholic." Nor is it quite up to the Ste.-Beuve standard to describe Rubens as "a much stauncher Catholic than Jordaens, who split with his ancestors' faith."

Messrs. F. J. Rowe and W. T. Webb's *Selections from Tennyson* (Macmillan & Co.) is one of the "English Classics for Indian Students," and an excellent selection for the purpose, though the annotation is considerably in excess of what is required by intelligent schoolboys.

A third edition of Sir Stephen De Vere's *Translations from Horace*—recently noticed in this column—is the latest accession to the "Canterbury Poets" series (Walter Scott). The interesting preface on poetical translation and the notes are included.

Among new editions we have Dr. William Knighton's *Struggles for Life* (Williams & Norgate); *Plays of Lessing*, edited and translated by E. Bell, M.A., "Bohn's Select Library" (G. Bell & Son); *The Princess Casamassima*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.); *Zanoni*, "Pocket Volume" edition (Routledge); *Queen Mab*, by Julia Kavanagh (Spencer Blackett); and *Clemency Franklin*, *A York and a Lancaster Rose*, and *Oldbury*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received the *Fine Arts Catalogue* of the Glasgow Exhibition (T. & A. Constable); *The Insufficiency of Revivalism as a Religious System*, by Robert Mackintosh (Glasgow: Maclehose); *An Examination of the Theory of Evolution*, by George Gresswell (Williams & Norgate); *British National Consolidation*, by "A British Colonist" (Trübner & Co.); *Tin*, a Novel, by Edward Bosanquet (Fisher Unwin); *Fifty Reasons for being a Homœopath*, by J. Compton Burnett, M.D. (Homœopathic Publishing Co.); *Stock Exchange Securities in 1877 and 1888 Compared*, by John Robert Carter, F.S.S. (Mathiesons); and *The Muster Roll of Windlesham House, Brighton, 1837-87*, compiled by Mr. Henry C. Malden.

In our notice of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy last week, we inadvertently assumed that Mr. Basil Champneys is the architect of the buildings at Knightsbridge recently the subject of a controversy in the House of Commons.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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